

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## TO ALL OUR DEAD.

Between the heart and the lips we  
 stay our words and remember  
 The long fight in the sodden fields and  
 the ultimate pledge they render  
 Whom we never forget; and afraid lest  
 By chance we betray and belle  
 them

We call upon you that ride before, who  
 rode lately by them,

Lest we make you ashamed when you  
 ride with the valliant of all the  
 earth

In the armies of God.

Lo! we call upon you to stand as sen-  
 tinel over us,

You from our griefs set free while the  
 shadows still cover us

From the heart that fails and the  
 heart that hates alike deliver us  
 From the frenzy that stabs at the weak  
 divide and dissever us,

Keeping our faith as you kept the line,  
 holding the coward's cruel mind,  
 The final treason, afar.

Death for you is a sorrow endured, a  
 thing passed over;

They are facing it still, son and  
 brother and lover;

They keep the line, and we keep our  
 faith, and the soul of a people  
 lies between us.

From fear of phantoms, from a covet-  
 ous dream stand near and screen  
 us.

Watch with us, watch through the days  
 of war;—then, pass to your  
 place

With the armies of God.

*Lucy Masterman.*

The Nation.

## DAWN SONG.

While the earth is dark and gray  
 How I laugh within. I know  
 In my breast what ardors gay  
 From the morning overflow.

Though the cheek be white and wet  
 In my heart no fear may fall:  
 There my chieftain leads and yet  
 Ancient battle trumpets call.

Bend on me no hasty frown  
 If my spirit slight your cares:  
 Sunlike still my joy looks down  
 Changing tears to beamy airs.

Think me not of fickle heart  
 If with joy my bosom swells  
 Though your ways from mine depart,  
 In the true are no farewells.

What I love in you I find  
 Everywhere. A friend I greet  
 In each flower and tree and wind—  
 Oh, but life is sweet, is sweet!

What to you are bolts and bars  
 Are to me the arms that guide  
 To the freedom of the stars,  
 Where my golden kinsmen bide.

From my mountain top I view:  
 Twilight's purple flower is gone,  
 And I send my song to you  
 On the level light of dawn.

*A. E.*

## LIGHTS.

From this low hill I watch the twi-  
 light stealing

Upon the far-off city, and the gray  
 Deepen to dark, the bravery of day—  
 Her bulwarked towers and pinnacles—  
 concealing.

Earth fades to heaven; and stars with  
 kindred feeling

Commingle with the lowlier array  
 Of earthly lights; ranked in the  
 darkness they

Seem angel hosts in adoration kneeling.

As creeps the dark, so in the wake of  
 Time

Death; nor may might and majesty  
 withstand

The obliterating shadow of his  
 hand.

Time fades to night eterne; but the  
 sublime

Spirits of earth and heaven, a starry  
 band,

Burn before God in their immortal  
 prime.

*Thomas Sharp.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE WAR SPIRIT AND CHRISTIANITY.

When I was in the United States last year more than one American of the Republican party spoke gloomily to me of the decay of the English character. They were impressed by the weakness of the Government in letting Ulster arm; by our helplessness in dealing with the suffragettes; by Mr. Lloyd George's Utopian and dangerous campaign against property. It was chiefly on such matters of policy in the Liberal Government that they dwelt; but they argued for a general decay of English common sense and English courage. Whatever may be said as to the decay of common sense among extreme Radicals, the present war, I think, has shown conclusively that English courage is what it always was.

Indeed, we have had a remarkable and general experience of the fact that war may ennoble the character. War not only calls out all the Englishman's slumbering patriotism, but it offers to many the alternative of being heroes or cowards. It is thus an almost unique incentive to heroism. Rich men, hitherto leading lives of selfish pleasure, are undertaking the soldier's tasks, involving often the greatest privation and self-denial, as well as constant risk to life. The city clerk, whose ideals had not appeared to rise above the drudgery of his daily work and the hope for a holiday with his young lady, has suddenly shown that he is capable of similar heroism. The thought of helping his fellow-Englishmen in the battlefield inspires him to take all the risks of a campaign and endure all its hardships. The moment when recruits flocked in in largest numbers was just when things were going badly for us to all appearance; just when the war promised to be hardest and most dispiriting

to those who joined. The "war spirit" has made these men better Christians. Self-denial and devotion to the common good are Christian virtues. To defend your country and your weaker neighbors is to fulfil the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Yet the present struggle has also brought us face to face with the corruption of human character that may be produced by the "war spirit." German arrogance and cruelty and treachery have shocked us profoundly and unexpectedly. The moral standards of the German Army seem to have deteriorated in consequence of the deliberate cultivation of the war spirit in the last forty years. William I. said, "I will make war on soldiers, not on harmless citizens." The war of 1870 was talked of at the time—so many can testify who remember it—as being conspicuously humane. This may have been a *couleur de rose* view, and there are those who recall, even at that time, acts of cruelty. But the favorable estimate would have been quite impossible had the earlier war approached the standard of the present one, which has been a campaign of systematic cruelty. It is not an exaggeration to speak of it as a war of assassination, pillage, and destruction. Chivalry, honor, and humanity seem to have almost disappeared from the German army, and the laws of honor have been constantly set aside. Treaties were broken at the outset, the white flag has been constantly violated in the sequel.

The spirit fostered by the war has brought out in the one race an outburst of Christian virtue; in the other cruelty, excess, and treachery. No doubt there are German soldiers fight-

ing in whom patriotism has a noble quality, and English soldiers are not all Sir Galahads. Neither the interests of truth nor the point of these remarks demand that one should minimize the immense courage or the whole-hearted devotion to the Fatherland which mark the German soldiers as a body. Love of adventure and of victory form part of the war spirit on either side. But the contrast of which I speak is a great outstanding fact. Whence does it arise? Without professing to answer this question exhaustively, some suggestions may be made towards a reply.

The difference is partly to be found in the motives and habitual ideals of the combatants on either side. A nation whose ideals are peaceful has faults which peace is apt to beget; laziness, self-indulgence, a lifeless routine; a war braces it, and gives it intensity and purpose. A nation already habitually warlike, on the other hand, may become ferocious in time of war.

Again, the war is, for peaceable Englishmen, a reluctant war. It does not arise from hostility to Germany, but is undertaken primarily to defend our Belgian and French Allies from wanton aggression and cruelty. No doubt honesty is the best policy, and our duty is also our interest. But there is an element of chivalry in the *casus belli*. And chivalry touches the war spirit with the Christian ethos of the Middle Ages. On the face of it the motive of war on the German side is widely different. No English reader of General Bernhardt can be in any doubt as to the difference. The Prussian General cannot even believe in the existence of our English reluctance to go to war. Germany wanted war. In her it is a war of aggression, a war dictated largely by the ambition of a nation already intoxicated with conquest. Bernhardt's formula:

"World-empire or annihilation," is ingeniously contrived for giving to ambition the excuse of self-defence.

But the root of the matter lies not merely in this obvious point of contrast. For a war dictated by ambition need not lower a nation as we see Germany lowered. The German war spirit is in its most extreme form deeply stained by the revolt of young Germany against Christian ideals, by an avowed reversion to the warrior ideals of the old Goths which Christianity displaced in the fifth century. The warrior's courage is steeled by the banishment of pity. Christian altruism is decried as weakening. Thor and Odin are quite seriously summoned back again by the militant youth of the country. Germany made a mistake, they consider, in ever accepting Christianity. Now she means to repair that mistake. On this point so great a friend of Germany as the late Professor Cramb insists in his remarkable lectures on Germany and England which we have all been reading. The "faith of young Germany in 1913, the prevalent bent of mind at the Universities and in the army among the more cultured" is summed up by him in the form of new beatitudes which have, he testifies, effectually replaced those in the Sermon on the Mount.

"We have heard how in old times it was said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne.' And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla.' And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peace-makers'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve.'"



This "religion of valor" has been preached and analyzed by Nietzsche. Napoleon is for young Germany the great exemplar of that religion in modern times. "Corsica, in a word, has conquered Galilee."

Allowing that the ethical ideals described in these lectures are not yet fully or universally realized, they represent without question the tendency manifest in the modern Prussian war-spirit. Nietzsche deliberately condemns the sentiment of pity as weakening to the character, and as injurious to the race, for it tends to the preservation of the weak and suffering who ought to be eliminated. The war spirit developed under the influence of such principles is a temper which calls out and fosters not the *camaraderie* of the English soldier, not the devotion of the Red Cross nurse, but the "pitiless soul" which Homer celebrates in Achilles. It is indeed devoted, persevering; it might be called "high souled" if courage alone were the perfection of nature, but it is also fierce, relentless, unscrupulous, pagan. In Prussia a reversion to pagan ideals was not unnatural. The Prussians became Christians only towards the end of the fourteenth century, and Christianity never obtained the complete ascendancy over them which it gained in its earlier conquests. War, for a Christian, is necessary in order to set right the wrongs of an evil world. The war spirit is in him zeal not primarily for war itself, but for the good cause he champions. The modern German war spirit holds war to be a thing desirable in itself, success is the sole guiding motive, and the tempering scruples of Christianity are deliberately set aside as out of place in its conduct. Relentless cruelty and treachery, if useful in securing victory, are *ipso facto* desirable. We have the contrast between the Christian

and pagan war spirit, vivid if idealized, in the pages of La Motte Fouqué. Folko of Montfaucon, the chivalrous avenger of the oppressed, stands out in contrast to Biorn "of the fiery eyes," who reverts to the spirit of his pagan ancestors for whom cruelty and revelry accompany the fierce joy of battle.

The average Tommy Atkins of this war is, indeed, no Crusader; no ideal knight of the Middle Ages. But he is the offspring of generations in which pagan savagery has been cleansed by Christianity; he is a good fellow; his pals may count on him at a pinch; he hates a man who does not play fair; he hates a bully; he hates a liar. All this is the translation into the modern English vernacular of a surviving remnant of mediæval chivalry. And there are occasions on which he rises to a degree of heroism which no mediæval knight ever surpassed. Tommy Atkins is not like his German enemy, a man of ideas. The German has used his idealism deliberately to expel from war the remains of Christian generosity and charity which he, like the Englishman, inherited from Christian ancestors and to set up in its place the old pagan warrior ideal uncleaned by the Gospel. If his standards became general, the principles of honor and humanity which make a healthy condition in time of peace would be most dangerously weakened in Europe. Overweening national pride is the sole justification of the German's views for the future of the world, ambition the motive, ruthless and unscrupulous militarism the means, a largely paganized civilization would be the fruit of his success.

The amazing revolt of German militarism against Christian standards has, I think, one result of real value and importance. We have heard much of late years as to the failures of

Christianity. And it is, of course, true that Christianity does not in this world adequately realize its ideal. But to see once again in action in a highly educated people the pagan code which Christianity drove out of Germany 1500 years ago, is of great utility in making us realize the comparative success which the Christian religion has achieved in spite of its failures. "Things seen are mightier than things heard." We have read of the warrior ideal in the pages of Nietzsche. But we now see how it works out in practice. The highest ideals are never completely realized, and we have to weigh against each other the actual successes and failures of rival systems. Christianity has been criticised for some years past, first as an impracticable dream, and secondly as not correlative to the whole of human nature—not adequate to complete self-realization. Man, it is said, cannot realize the ideals of Christianity; the Christian cannot realize the possibilities of humanity. Christianity being in possession has had to endure all the criticism to which any working system is open when imperfect human nature is trying to carry it into effect. The Christian Church has on it the sins and scars of a long and adventurous life. Theory, on the other hand, can always be made to look perfect. Old pagan ideals, stripped of the actual consequences which made our forefathers who witnessed them sick of life, have been dangled before us by our *littérateurs* as promising the true fulfilment of human nature. They have been represented as the tree of knowledge which we were giving up to lead only a half life, a maimed life. Now suddenly this is reversed. We see pagan ideals, not in the form of a dream which isolates what is inspiring, but as a fact with its inevitable consequences and accompaniments. We are confronted with its translation into

action. We see what self-realization actually means in spheres where Christianity had preached self-restraint.

Modern science has not taught us the empirical method for nothing, but the modern world is curiously slow to apply it. This age is certainly as ready as its predecessors to embark on unproved and untried theory and to desert the ground securely won by experience. In what is known as the Higher Criticism, ingenious hypothesis, covered and disguised by the barest clothing of scientific terminology, is again and again allowed to prevail over beliefs which have at least the empirical proof that they have long worked with some success. The dream of complete self-realization in a sphere in which Christianity preaches self-restraint has come again to our age—with an amazing forgetfulness of the sickness of the world in which that dream was an acknowledged and attempted aim before the coming of Christ. The reply to the theory of life which underlies it is to be found, not in argument, but in this test of actual experiment. *Solvitur ambulando*. It is the empirical method that decides. We are confronted with the charge against Christianity that its ideal of self-denial robs life of its fullest content, makes it a maimed and imperfect life, a sickly life. A *grande passion* realized—this is to live. The pale ascetic does not live. Again the conquering hero lives. The meek Christian only exists. Life is not worth living if its fullest possibilities are deliberately renounced. This is a feeling which comes on many in youth and health.

And it erects an anti-Christian theory of life to justify itself. The reply—I say again—is not argument, but experience. We often see the theory set forth in modern fiction. The experience which refutes it is also set forth by the greatest makers

of fiction. I can imagine no surer antidote to the view of life which makes a *grande passion* all in all than to read Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. It is a better antidote than the pages of Petronius, for the passion it depicts is far nobler. Tolstoy's work is no piece of Christian special pleading. It does not exhibit passion as merely sensual or as the fruit of the Dead Sea. As we read of the love of Vronsky and Anna, we are ready to think that at its zenith it represents something from one point of view infinitely fuller and richer than is conceivable in a life which renounces such things as unlawful. But the awful Nemesis, the decay in the quality of the love itself, the dwindling of the two personalities, the misery at the close, are parts of the whole as actually realized. They are parts of what the dream becomes when it is enacted on the actual theatre of life in which innumerable other human interests and forces are at work, besides the love of those two human beings. Their story is an experimental proof of the psychological fact never better stated than by a German—George William Hegel—that the assumption that passion represents the self which should be realized is false, and issues, not in self-realization, but in deterioration; and that the paradox is true that self-realization comes by self-denial. "By an evil loving of myself," says the Imitation, "I lost myself and by seeking Thee alone I found both myself and Thee." As a theory which applies only to individuals, and to the short time in which the possibilities of passion are realized, and only to the favored few for whom they are realized, the pagan theory may have some plausibility. But how about the sequel even for them? And how about the masses of mankind who cannot even realize at the time as much as Anna and Vronsky realized?

The question does not bear consideration or discussion. It is only the blind credulity which passion retains, even in an age which boasts of being guided by cautious experience, which allows it to be asked. The theory can only be translated into a practical one at all for any large section of humanity by the programme—"a year or so of complete self-realization in passion, and then suicide." Anna's fate was no accident.

A thirst for the triumph of love is one of the two most imperious forces which revolt against the Christian theory. A thirst for the triumph of arms and of pride is the other. It may be admitted that the joys of victorious battle for a great nation give a wave of deep feeling, a sense of intense life which men could not know without it. But the present war spirit in Germany goes far to vindicate Christianity in this field as the psychology of Tolstoy's work vindicates it in the other. Here, as in the other case, the theory at its very best holds in its fulness only for one nation. And it holds for that one nation in success only. Mr. Cramb's translation of Bernhardi's alternative, indeed, is "dominion or death."

It was surely the world's long experience of these elementary facts of actual life which gave to the wonderful vision which Christianity suggested of the victorious and world-wide kingdom of peace, and self-restraint and universal brotherhood, a radiance which made it all-conquering. Pagan happiness had been in its most rational form bound up with wealth, health, honor and success. Aristotle's magnanimous man presented a higher ideal than the crude warrior ideal. But it offered no beatitudes for the poor, the suffering, the unsuccessful. Therefore, when the new ideal came on a world for which selfishness had become sated with lust and saturated

in disappointment, it carried all before it. It was only an ideal. It had not yet been tried by the mass of mankind. But its boldness in proposing to find joy and success where the best thinkers had not dared to hope for anything but misery took the world by storm. All this has been said so often that it is by some regarded as a platitude to repeat it. But this means that it has for many become stale. It has become a mere familiar formula of which they no longer realize the significance. It has been well said that the world is now rejecting Christianity because it is ceasing to understand what it is. But we shall appreciate its significance again as our forefathers did if the pagan warrior ideal, the dark background which set forth for them the radiance of the new Beatitudes, becomes once more rampant. The outburst of courage, pity, self-denial, and righteous indignation elicited by the war spirit in England has fanned the smouldering embers of Christian ideals among our own countrymen, and effectually proved that they are not extinct. The German warriors themselves will look in vain in their defeat for succor from those Christian ideals which their own war spirit has wantonly but effectively killed: and no redemption can be found for the defeated and the unsuccessful in the philosophy of life which that spirit represents. It has no Beatitudes for the poor. It has none for the conquered.

Yet the talk of the failure of Christianity is prompted in some degree by real facts of experience. The modern Prussian revolts from it, and the grounds assigned for that revolt deserve frank consideration. In a vivid sentence, a German writer has depicted the failure of Christianity to destroy "the brutal German joy of battle." Ruskin, in his *Fors Clavigera*,

asserts that the German does not know even the meaning of the words "meekness" and "mercy." Mr. Cramb declares that for thirty generations Germany has struggled "to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her world-vision, to strive for a Heaven that was not her Heaven." And Heine has prophesied that "the day will come when the old stone gods will arise from the silent ruins and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor with his giant hammer will at last spring up and shatter to bits the Gothic Cathedrals." This alleged incompatibility of the national character with Christian ideals is invoked by young Germany as proving the failure of Christianity as a universal religion, and as justifying its revolt.

Dissatisfaction with Christianity is no doubt reinforced by a certain element of hypocrisy which ensues from a Christian civilization. Mr. Stiggins and Mr. Pecksniff are the incidental outcome of a Christian civilization. And those who want to break loose point with satisfaction to such fruits of a Gospel externally professed and internally rejected. In a similar spirit, when romanticists idealize a holy war and sigh for the days when men took up arms for the Holy Rood, their pagan-minded critics point with a jeer to the dissipated conduct which history records among the crusading armies. Such attacks are, in fact, largely a testimony to the beauty of the ideal which is so easily defaced by human weakness or hypocrisy, as dirt at once arrests the attention in a bright light. But they are rhetorically telling, and enable the man who dislikes Christianity to sneer at it with some effect.

In the full tide of youth and life and passion many experience this

feeling that Christianity has failed. A religion which consecrates self-denial appears to them simply unnatural except for born saints. Their own nature breaks like a torrent through the weak opposition raised by the Gospel ideal. But this fact, even when recognized and admitted to the full, only brings us back to the point I have already insisted on. It is quite true that undisciplined human nature in full tide makes a very strong protest against Christianity. But undisciplined human nature does not indicate a practical alternative. The unchecked realization of its imperious instincts spells disaster. And we are thus driven to look for a higher nature which may be developed by training and self-restraint, and prove a better guide. The ideal of self-realization, by the very process of self-denial, is directed, not to self-extinction, but to finding that better nature and truer self. It involves, no doubt, for many a tremendous initial effort and act of faith, and for large numbers such a faith seems too impracticable to be even attempted. But its results when it has been put to the trial have largely justified it.

When a man protests that his nature is not Christian, and that he cannot find inspiration in the Christian ideal, he says what is in some sense unanswerable, because we cannot dispute a man's testimony as to his own sensations. If his sensations are to decide the matter for him, that is an end of it. But he gives to sensation an authority in determining his religion which we should be slow to allow it in any other field. If, on the other hand, we regard the case as already decided against him, if we begin with an absolute faith in the Christian ideal, and, in testing how it actually works, look in the first instance at a broad field of life rather than at an individual case, we find our

faith on the whole justified. The incidental failure is only parallel to other failures attaching to nature's successes—to disease in the body so wonderfully made for health, to the waste of individual life which often accompanies preservation of the type.

And, moreover, the Christian account of human nature can place its critic's objections—can find room for them and for him. When the German critic complains that his nature is not Christian, the Christian replies that he is not surprised, for original sin has corrupted human nature in Italy and England as well as in Germany. It is no new discovery that the lower nature is often stronger than the higher. This is the "hardness of heart" which is the eternal obstacle to the success of the Gospel. And the Christian scheme prescribes as the best antidote a certain degree of self-denial which is calculated to soften and un-Germanize the heart—to starve the *anima naturaliter pagana* and find the *anima naturaliter Christiana*. When the German proceeds to object that he is quite indisposed to take any such disagreeable medicine, that the treatment prescribed involves acting on an ideal which does not inspire him, and that he cannot act without an inspiring motive, the Christian again recognizes this as normal—only the Christian language is different from the German. The Christian says that he needs grace to overcome the results of original sin. He bids him ask the Holy Spirit to make him love what is right, or, in the words of the old collect, "*recta sapere*." The two doctrines of original sin and grace correspond to the most disheartening facts of general experience—facts which, no doubt, we may find it hard to reconcile with the justice of Providence. The one involves a handicap arising from what is not a man's own



fault. The other recognizes dependence on a force outside our own power. We are responsible, and yet the conditions for success are not, it seems, within our reach. But at all events such doctrines do fit in with the experienced facts of life—from which we cannot escape. The doctrines are in no danger of being disproved by experience. We know where we are and what to expect. And if we have faith we believe that the benevolent Power who allowed the handicap will give the help necessary to overcome it if we do our part. Christianity has so clearly faced the existence of the handicap in our lower nature that it constantly insists on the necessity of early religious training to neutralize it. It knows that it takes generations completely to Christianize the ideals of a race. The fact that the Prussians were worshippers of Odin in the thirteenth century, when the rest of the German Empire had long been Christian, is likely enough to keep the pagan instinct in a more active condition in that country than among its neighbors.

While the war ideal in the Prussian corresponds largely to his latent paganism, the Christian element in the English war ideal is partly due, as I have said, to a latent survival of mediæval chivalry—when Kings would serve at table their royal prisoners of war. And this mediæval war spirit is possible because there is a side of the soldier's career which is intensely Christian.

"A soldier," writes Cardinal Newman, "comes more nearly than a King to the pattern of Christ. He is not only strong, but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on the bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others. He defends us by

it. We are indebted to him. We gain by his loss. We are at peace by his warfare."

But again, war does in some sense illustrate the true nature of life, as a Christian views life, which we fail to realize in the moral drowsiness which a long peace is apt to bring. It is no mere platitude to say that our life is a warfare. A useful and purposeful life—the life that is worth while—has a close analogy to war. It is a struggle for high aims against obstacles. The great *desideratum* of life is to find the ideal aim which is an adequate motive for the constant effort which this implies. Faith in the aim and courage and energy are priceless boons. *Muth verloren, alles verloren*. This German proverb suggests how indispensable for happiness is the chief quality called out by war. Strenuous action is the true recipe against sensuality. It is the condition of a useful life. Scott used to say that Byron might have been a good man had some great cause come in his way and inspired him. The pagan warrior undergoes great hardship, but he misses its true *raison d'être* and its true reward which is to raise human nature above self-indulgence. He looks for repayment at the end in an intoxication of pride in conquest, and generally in a glut of sensuality as compensation for his term of self-denial. But the ideal Christian knight who is urged to fight by the desire to see wrong righted, and who finds happiness in right prevailing, comes also to look on military self-denial as a good in itself. There is a reflection of this in the English soldier of to-day. The punctuality, the officer's care for his men, military obedience, the precise attendance to dress and accoutrement, the constant self-discipline which the day's drill calls out—these are all relics of Christian chivalry. So much is this



so that the Jesuits base their rule on that of an army.

Again, the constant risk to life, accompanied by the need for action and the aim at doing great things, realizes vividly the great Christian paradox of human life as a whole—that life is everything and nothing. St. Ignatius's maxim, "Work as though you were to live for ever; be as detached as though you were to die to-morrow," is precisely expressed in a soldier's strenuousness and in the risks he takes. The national cause can inspire us intensely only if we feel that life is in some sense great; yet if we are to succeed it can only be by a courage which willingly and constantly risks death. The cause is felt to be so great that the sacrifice of his own life, and of many lives to attain it, is insignificant.

War, then, creates greatness of soul—the first condition of individual goodness. When we learn that the men we thought incurably selfish have gone to the front, and that crime has diminished in England fifty per cent, we see consequences of a common cause. We find unworthy jealousies and rivalries in abeyance. We see foolish political campaigns collapse in the presence of stern realities. We observe men whose ambitions had been set on petty social distinctions and triumphs, transferring their energy to work for the common good. We see superfluous energy which had invented enterprises really useless to give itself scope directed to the all-important end. War gives that for which all life cries out—a great motive which may inspire us to work unselfishly for the general welfare, and raise us above what is petty and selfish. The struggle for success is transfigured when that success is no longer merely personal, but the success of a common cause. I do not say that the German gains none of this in his zeal for the

Fatherland, but his orgies of cruelty and excess are a deliberate renunciation of the best. War by intensifying the whole of human nature leads to forced growths. It brings what is latent at once to the surface—what is potential it calls into action. It makes the Christian at heart more deeply Christian. It makes the pagan at heart more evidently pagan.

Since writing the above remarks I have read the interesting essay on the "Illusions of War" which appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* of October 22nd, and it raises a question which bears closely on the above remarks. This writer deals—as I have dealt—with the war spirit and its effects. But he appears to see only one spirit common to both sides—an ignoble one. He traces with extreme subtlety the national spirit which in time of war makes each side blacken the character of the enemy—makes the German see perfidious England in every Englishman, the Englishman see brutal Germany in every German. This is very true; but the writer's analysis surely falls curiously short of the actual facts in the indiscriminate conclusion that he draws when he writes:—

"There seems to us to be nothing human or spiritual in the German invective against us. It is not Germans who speak, but Germany, and in what they say is expressed everything we hate in Germany . . . and this is what these hostile utterances are on both sides. There is no thought in them, but only the sensual passion of hatred disguising itself as thought, and the more absurd because of its disguise."

This absolute identification of the spirit animating hostile utterances on either side, as though they were necessarily equally unjust, is surely curiously wanting in subtlety. Or, rather, perhaps it may be termed an instance of that subtlety which overlooks the

obvious in its search for the less obvious. It has also something of the—"Candor that spares its foes and ne'er descends

With bigot zeal to combat for its friends."

It is not the arrogant national self-sufficiency, as this writer supposes, but a plain sense of fact, that makes us see, as the rest of the world sees, that the spirit of the English Army is far removed from that which repels us in the German Army. It is a plain fact, written large in history, that there are two different kinds of warlike spirit. The spirit of the Black Prince, who served his royal captive at table, is not that of Achilles, Homer's hero, whose "soul was pitiless." And either spirit may attach to groups of men as well as to individuals. A corporate spirit is a most real thing, though its operation is subtle and hard to trace in detail. The theory that the principles of honor, chivalry, and humanity are out of place in war has undoubtedly deeply tainted the German Army, and removed its spirit poles apart from that of the English. It is not merely the enemies of Germany, but its friends—like Mr. Cramb—who have noted its return to the pitiless pagan warrior ideal. The brutal massacres of German soldiers sickened Captain Napier and the English officers—their allies—during the Danish War of 1807. Now such acts are defended and multiplied in accordance with an avowed theory. English soldiers are fully ready to do honor to magnanimity in their foes. Their war spirit does not tend to blind them to signs of it. They have in the present campaign given full credit to German courage, while they have been disgusted by German inhumanity. The writer in the *Times* seems to me to utilize his subtle analysis of what, when once it is clearly stated, is an undeniable truism—that when nations

are at war individuals concentrate their hostile national prejudices on individual opponents—in order to support the paradox that they lose the power of distinguishing between a generous soldier and a cruel one; that both are for the combatant in time of war the fictions of a blinding illusion which sees all the good on his own side, all the bad on that of his opponent. No doubt, the individual German may be unjustly hated for crimes, which are not his. There are kindly and honorable soldiers in the German Army who may be detested for the corporate spirit they do not share. So far my contention coincides with that of the *Times* writer. But according to the somewhat indiscriminate analysis of the *Times*, a hateful national spirit would seem to be non-existent, or if existent to be unperceivable by the blinded partisan. The hatred is (he seems to hold) on both sides equally the inevitable irrational consequence of war, however waged. It is instinctive *a priori* hatred for the enemy of one's country.

In point of fact, in the present war quite a different feeling has supervened, namely, indignation aroused by specific acts of tyranny, brutality and treachery which are not at all the universal conditions of war. The peculiar hatred they arouse in our men is not a universal accompaniment of war. There was nothing like it in English feeling towards the Boers. Our soldiers have their full share of—" . . . The stern joy that warriors feel

In foemen worthy of their steel."

Letters from the front have shown their great readiness to appreciate occasional signs of magnanimity, fair play or humanity on the part of the enemy. The illusions of War which the *Times* writer so ably analyzes are an unquestionable fact, but they are not so blinding as to make us unable

to distinguish humanity from cruelty, treachery from the sense of honor. The writer appears to think that to discover that the enemy is a man and not a devil, proves that we were wrong in accusing him of crimes which are, after all, the crimes of men and not of devils; that to prove him human proves him also to be humane.

One other point. There is, I think, a good side to the feeling against the abstract German or abstract Englishman in time of war which this writer unreservedly deploras as "the sensual passion of hatred." The soldier on the battlefield hates the ideal incarnation of evil rather than the man he kills. This makes the slaying of a fellow-man possible to one whose attitude is still Christian. The hatred is not for an individual man, but for the evil cause he is regarded as embodying. It is an indignation against wrong, though he who feels it may be mistaken in his judgment of the cause. This applies in a measure to German and English soldiery alike, and it should not be overlooked.

It supplies, moreover, the true answer to a common defence advanced on behalf of German brutality. The German often justifies treachery and cruelty which no English soldier would be induced to practise by a characteristically German logic. "War

*The Fortnightly Review.*

is intrinsically unchristian," he says, "therefore Christian scruples are out of place in it." This argument has the fault of mere logic which is often false to facts. It ignores the patent fact that many soldiers actually do their work in the Christian spirit which Cardinal Newman has described in the passage already quoted, and that many more are not without a touch of that spirit. It ignores also the explanation of that fact—namely, the sense of duty and the holy indignation against wrongdoing or oppression which may make a soldier feel in some cases that he is God's minister of vengeance. He is angry, but he sins not. Something of this may exist in him who defends his country against those whom he deems wanton aggressors against all that is dearest and most sacred to him. His anger is not "the sensual passion of hatred" against a fellow-man, but anger against a great wrong of which he considers himself the appointed avenger. This spirit may touch any patriot who thinks his country's enemy a wrongdoer, but it is obviously far more natural and strong when there are dastardly crimes to be avenged, and the tyranny of the strong over the weak to be redressed. Thus it is likely to have no inconsiderable place among English soldiers in the present struggle.

*Wilfrid Ward.*

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## LABOR AND THE WAR.

Labor's outlook has been radically changed by the great European war. Such is the conclusion which stands out, plainly and clearly, to anyone who views the industrial world before and after the Kaiser declared hostilities against the Tsar of Russia. Where once masters and men were disputing

in bitter conflict there is now only heard the call of the recruiting sergeant. Lesser disputes have been forgotten in presence of a greater national crisis. The young lions of Syndicalism may still roar against the capitalist spoiler, but the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union

Congress lends four Labor M.P.'s to help in getting fresh soldiers for France.

Just before the battles the signs of coming industrial unrest towards the end of 1914 were undoubted and persistent. The armies of labor were apparently being mobilized for some serious Armageddon. When the annual statement on trade unions, as they were reported to the end of 1912, came to be issued by the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, it was found that great increases of membership were the rule among the working-class associations. Over a quarter of a million fresh members had added their names to the union books, and in 1913 the 683 societies claimed a total membership of 2,597,772. In 1903, on the other hand, there were 742 unions, but they only admitted a total membership of 1,573,375. So that quite evidently the tendency during these intervening years had been to combine a bigger membership in a smaller number of societies. There were many ominous indications that this was deliberately intended to be the case. The Labor newspapers were full of somewhat menacing paragraphs concerning Labor's Triple Alliance or Triple Entente. The miners, railwaymen, and transport workers—three unions that hold in the hollow of their hands the industrial fortunes of the State—had decided to join their forces. What did it all portend?

Of course, it is easy to exaggerate the significance of these movements of concentration. War bulletins are not always based on accomplished operations, and the war bulletins published to forecast the operations of this new Triple Alliance were not more reliable than most. There was evidently no intention on the part of the promoters of this fresh and powerful combination to start right off on the thorny paths of Syndicalism or even

Industrial Unionism. The constituent members of the Alliance were not welded together into one great and undivided proletarian army. A commander in the field would never have consented for a moment to accept such incomplete and limited powers of control as those which could be wielded by any central authority representing the three great coalescing unions. Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P.—a Labor leader quite as canny as any Scotsman within the three kingdoms—hinted, indeed, that this triple combination was only the beginning of a movement which would yet travel over the whole field of Labor. In itself, however, it left the original autonomy of each constituent unimpaired. If the three had joined together they could not be ordered to advance at the nod of some Labor Kaiser. The views of the members had to be ascertained by ballot, and this ballot had to be taken separately in each of the constituent societies.

Far more significant than this much-advertised alliance was the contemporary amalgamation of twenty-six unions, representing 400,000 general laborers and transport workers. In this case there was a real and permanent joining together of forces hitherto acting as isolated battalions. Unions like the Navvies' Union, the Dockers' Union, and the Mersey Quay and railway Carters' Union, were now to unite the forces of the unskilled laborer so as to make him a more formidable and conspicuous antagonist in economic warfare. Finances, forces, the word of command—all were to issue from a central bureau. Plainly a new sense of the need for organization and mastery was struggling for expression in the minds of the proletariat.

Had the day of the people begun to dawn? At any rate these signs of an approaching conflict were not confined

by any means to our own favored land. The official returns from the capital city of one of the neutral nations in the present war showed that unemployment in New York had never been worse during any of the previous nine years. Italy, another neutral nation, had strikes in Milan, Genoa, and Turin. Her High Court of Parliament was a scene of mob violence owing to an anti-militarist agitation which broke out at Ancona. Cavalry were summoned to guard the building in which the Chamber sat. Rome was entirely occupied by troops, and 170 alleged strikers in the ancient city, who were taken into custody, were found to be armed with revolvers, daggers, and other implements of war.

Specially significant, however, were the agitations before the event in the three countries where conscripts are now engaged in a huge medley of slaughter. Germany was brought face to face with a legal half-holiday for all female workers. France had seen its Senate reject a well-considered proposal for a week of forty-eight hours to all employed in the State factories of matches, tobacco, and the industries of war. Both proposals were advocated on the grounds of British custom and precedent. The reforming movements at home were exercising a reverberating influence throughout all the world of Labor—except, perhaps, in Russia. There the strikes in Riga, Saratoff, and Petrograd were characterized by a violence happily unheard of in our own land. The President of the French Republic was paying a State visit to the metropolis of all the Russias and he had to contemplate troops posted in the Nevsky Prospect to isolate him from these sullen murmurs of industrial unrest.

It is necessary to keep all these notable manifestations clearly in mind if

we are to understand the attitude of Labor before the war. Economic activities had clouded the political sky. Everywhere the ear of the social reformer seemed to detect those subterranean rumblings which are the precursors of revolt. It is true that there were other indications which seemed to point with warning finger to quite another order of questions. The Austro-Hungarian trade unionist found himself ruthlessly confronted with difficult problems of race. He discovered it made a very great difference to the success of his propaganda whether the members of his union hailed from Austria or Hungary or Bohemia. Yet the young Labor leaders who took their cue from the theorists of Syndicalism persisted in ignoring the whole arena of agitation. A war of the nations was to them unthinkable. Industry, with fleet and impartial tread, overstepped the boundaries of nations. A worker was always the same harassed and exploited wage-slave whatever might be the place of his nativity. The old slogan of Karl Marx was the only one fitted to make the factories of Europe resound: "Proletarians of all countries unite!"

In our own country there was, at the beginning of 1914, brought to the help of this new economic internationalism a most rude and uncompromising temper. The dispute which dragged its slow length along in the London building trade had made many social reformers despair of the moderation and sanity of the workers. Frankly speaking, these carpenters and joiners and plasterers, and all the rest of the building employees, displayed not the slightest appreciation of negotiation, or a disposition to give and take. No desire for increased pay or shorter hours agitated their minds half so much as the question whether, side by side with them, day in and day out, there worked a man with a



trade union ticket in his pocket. And the important point was that this union of men in the building industry was practically organized on an industrial basis. Carpenters, joiners, plasterers, bricklayers, stonemasons, and builders' laborers—they comprised all the men engaged on these skeleton structures which were soon to be rusting in the London streets. If they were withdrawn, some very important works would come to a standstill. If they refused to work except with trade unionists, they won for their organized labor a commanding voice in the control of their employment.

The masters, however, were not daunted by the men's bellicose persistency. They felt themselves in a position of vantage, and they were not going to wait till their position was turned by the proletariat. At the beginning of the year they took time by the forelock and presented an ultimatum to their men. Every London workman was to sign an undertaking consenting to work peacefully with his fellow whether he was unionist or non-unionist, and further agreeing to submit to a fine of 20s., "to be deducted from his wages," if in any way he broke the spirit or the letter of this binding agreement. It can easily be understood that such a move brought both parties very near to a formal declaration of war. Both moderates and extremists among the men disliked this sweeping proposal. The extremists held that a workman was entitled to judge of the company he kept. The moderates detested the idea of a pecuniary fine imposed at the behest of the employer. No sensible proportion of the workmen were influenced by the ultimatum, and towards the end of January the masters turned the tables on the men by ordaining a lock-out.

This was the lock-out which was still in operation when hostilities ac-

tually began. Several times the course of events had brought the parties near to a compromise, but on each occasion the hopes of the mediators were confounded by the singularly bitter temper of the men. Time and again the trusted leaders of Labor recommended a settlement, and time and again this settlement was rejected by a ballot vote of the rank and file. Not even did the National Building Trades Conciliation Board succeed in commending a message of peace. The men seemed in favor of war at any price. Any ingenious arrangement or any suggestion short of an embargo on non-unionists won from them not the slightest countenance or assent. They would dance to the piping of no possible Board of Conciliation.

Needless to say, they suffered severely for their pains. Thousands of men were reduced to the brink of starvation. The public were either hostile or apathetic. Building operations in the great metropolis were nearly at a standstill. Sometimes there was a talk of new experiments in economic practice and endeavor. Occasionally gangs of workmen were said to be undertaking a job without the help of an *entrepreneur*. But these experiments came to little or nothing. They did not succeed in impressing the masters with a sense of the decay of their dynasty. On the other hand, the masters determined to widen the area of conflict. They appealed to the National Federation of Building Trade Employers. The contest had now assumed a very threatening phase. Like the Swedish lock-out of 1909 it was rapidly becoming a fight to the finish between masters and men. The masters might renounce the ideas embodied in their first ultimatum. They might allow the officials of the union to undertake a ticket inspection. But even this brought to those who were starving on the streets no conscious-



ness of ultimate satisfaction. They would regard the non-unionist in the building trade as a man accurst.

Doubtless they had exhibited an over-stubborn spirit, and the sign of this was the evident presence of discord in their ranks. The different unions united to constitute the one important industry were evidently not of the same mind. The crane-drivers, masons, and woodcutting machinists, at any rate, were obviously determined not to be embroiled in a fight to the last ditch. They would commence negotiations on their own account. They would submit their own independent proposals. Such an attitude, however, was bitterly resented by their fellow-workmen who constituted the rank and file of the other unions involved. They, at any rate, would fly the flag of revolt to the bitter end. And if they were able to continue their fight to the latter part of 1914, they believed that their conflict would synchronize with a general advance of labor at every part of a very extended field of operations.

Every portent seemed to imply that 1914 would mark a red-letter period in the history of Labor efforts and conflicts. Eight thousand men were idle in the Welsh coal-fields because they, too, declined to work with non-union labor. The State servants at the Woolwich Arsenal had come out on strike rather than see Fltler Entwhistle obliged to complete work begun by blackleg workers. The strong and enterprising unions of the new Triple Alliance appeared to look on impending conflicts as a possible contingency of the near future. The miners desired a higher basis for a new minimum wage. The railwaymen prepared a national programme with a general rise of wages in every grade of their employment. Both in London and on the Mersey the Transport

Workers felt that they had stormy days before them.

Then came the British declaration of war against Germany, and at once silence was imposed on those suggestions of future revolt. A joint conference of masters and men in the building trade resolved that "in view of the present international crisis" steps should immediately be taken to settle all pending differences. The National Union of Railwaymen was admitted to confer with the railway directors, and together they agreed to continue their old scheme of conciliation. A deputation, representing all the different central organizations of the workers, was received by the Prime Minister, who expressed himself in hearty accord with the suggestion that all difficulties should be settled by amicable arrangement. Sabotage was crowned by the olive branch. Peace for the world of Labor had followed on the news of war.

Indeed, it was at once plain that the societies of the proletariat had been hit on their weakest parts. War had brought its inevitable evils in its train. The collapse of credit and the machinery of exchange had made it impossible for the trade unions to realize their reserves just when they most needed them. The Lancashire dye-houses and print works suspended or curtailed their operations on account of the stoppage of their necessary supplies from Germany. Sugar called for State regulation. Bethnal Green and Shoreditch saw increasing numbers of their best workers joining the long and comfortless army of the unemployed. How could even the most enthusiastic extremist discuss the question of the workers' control of an industry, or plan a fresh campaign for the trade unions of the Triple Alliance, when it was all his union could do to make both ends meet, or pay the ever-pressing claims from its

members in distress? Some unions imposed a special levy to meet the new circumstances. Others saw themselves relieved when young men who had temporarily been thrown out of employment shouldered their muskets and went forth, stalwart recruits for Lord Kitchener's army. Even so, a tense feeling of anticipation pervaded the workers' combinations. The General Federation of Trade Unions exhorted the faithful to "hold meetings for mutual comfort when 'short speeches may be delivered, extracts read from interesting books, and songs may be sung.'" There is no sign now of the incendiary impatience of the Syndicalist!

At the same time many powers which the worker had been learning to distrust took the opportunity offered them by the declaration of war. Administration asserted its pre-eminence over the more democratic method of politics. At the Swansea Conference of the National Union of Railwaymen, held a few weeks before the first shots were fired, a resolution was passed declaring "that no system of State ownership of railways will be acceptable to organized railwaymen which does not guarantee to them their full political and social rights." This meant that the workers were alive to the autocratic consequences of completely organized Collectivism. But where were these abstract resolutions when military necessities made the State lay a hand on the control of its railways? The general managers of the several companies had to submit to Government instructions in order that the rolling stock and staff should be used as one complete unit, in the best interests of the State, for the movement of troops, stores, and food supplies.

There were some Labor theorists, indeed, who saw in this movement towards State patronage and control a

suggestion that Collectivism is ultimately necessary for the salvation of society. The British Socialist Party issued a manifesto in which they urged "the immediate passing of measures to secure the State and municipal control of the purchase, storing, and distribution of the necessities of life and the fixing of maximum prices throughout." They doubtless noticed that the Cabinet had already gone a long way in this direction by appointing a Committee on Food Supplies which, after meeting the representatives of the principal provision dealers, had recommended a scale of maximum retail cash prices. But the general body of the workers were well content that the Government should go only so far, but no further, on this untrodden path. They would suffer the Government to control the railways, but only to the extent that military necessities compelled them. They would fix maximum retail prices, but leave otherwise unaffected the initiative of the private trader.

Indeed, it would be strange if the rule of war became the accepted ideal of a future period of peace. The hour of battles is always an hour of reaction. Civilization, when the army corps are in motion, loses all its latest veneer. The people are distracted by strange and contradictory rumors. They are swayed by sudden and deplorable gusts of passion. Toleration is too often a memory of the past. Politics in its most distinctive developments is a dream of forgotten debates. How could anyone imagine that the regrettable necessities of to-day are the aspirations and exemplars of to-morrow? It must be an awkward kind of progress, as Mr. Sidney Webb has reminded us, if Socialism goes forward on a powder cart.

This, no doubt, is the reason why the Government, in its inevitable ap-

proaches to Collectivism, has kept the transitory nature of the situation very clearly in mind. A Government Committee was appointed by the Prime Minister on August 4th "to advise on the measures necessary to deal with any distress that may arise in consequence of the war." Further Sub-Committees were afterwards appointed by the President of the Local Government Board. All these bodies are necessarily extra-legal and dictatorial, and the fact that it has been necessary to duplicate the existing agencies for dealing with the industrial situation is in itself a strange and regrettable sign of the times. Yet so far as precautionary measures can be effectual at all, precautions have certainly been taken to make the methods of the new extra-legal bodies no more than transitory and occasional. They are not to disturb the ordinary operations of the market. They are to see that their schemes of work are such as would not be undertaken by the unaided efforts of private initiative. The articles made in any such Government workshops are only to be gratuitously disposed of to people devoid of any purchasing power.

The army of Labor has been sadly harassed by the pressure of the times. Former problems have passed away from the field of practical politics. New problems and a widely different general outlook are being forced on the most hardened extremist by his experience in the Valley of Tribulation. How can the Syndicalist any longer foretell his industrial millennium? How can he believe that an economic Utopia will be the final result of an international and concerted movement of the proletariat? The workers are not now an irresistible and united army. Germany, France, Great Britain—who can say that any perceptible breath of proletarian sympathy has passed through the minds

of the Trade Unionists of these three great hostile nations even in the midst of war? It is true that news has come from the trenches which shows us that even when clad in khaki or gray, and confronting a hostile national across an interval of shell-swept stubble, "a man's a man for a' that." It is true, also, as appears from the most authentic information, that not all the Socialist Deputies voted in the German Reichstag for the first war credit. But these are only the exceptions which throw into more lurid relief the general rule. There is not at present possible the assemblage of any International Labor Congress to which Mr. Keir Hardie could propose his old crusade of a workers' "war against war."

Of course, the German Trade Unions, even in the days before the war, had always refused to subscribe to any extreme peace-at-any-price opinion. Herr Bebel to the end felt suspicious of the "war against war" crusade. It is not at all surprising, to those who have carefully watched the progress and opinions of the Socialist Party in Germany, to find its most trusted leaders rallying cheerfully and confidently to their country's flag. There is evidence that they are not quite of one mind. Herr Bernstein has made it plain that he has his doubts. Among the Suabian hills there are men of mark who are convinced that the German Socialist Party would have been truer to its traditions if it had made a prolonged resistance to any hasty declaration of war. But, in the main, the men who formerly made advanced proletarian opinions a power to be conjured with in Germany are now to be found playing their part with the armies on the field! Dr. Ludwig Frank, who was marked out by his many and conspicuous gifts as the likeliest successor of Bebel, has already fallen in battle be-

fore Lunéville. How many Socialists must there be among the Saxon, Bavarian, and other South German troops who have flung themselves so doggedly on Ypres or on the lines of the Yser? On the other hand, the Socialists of France and Belgium are equally firm in their defence of their own national hegemony and freedom. M. Emile Vandervelde became a Minister of State, M. Jules Guesde—the extreme, the incorruptible—unhesitatingly joined an official Committee of Public Safety. In our own country there were at first some indications that a certain number of influential men in the Trade Unions felt doubts about the justice of the war. Even now the Independent Labor Party—not now so influential as it has been in former days—does its best to maintain a more detached and somewhat finical attitude of mind. Since then, however, it has become indubitable that the young Labor enthusiasts are responding willingly to the call for enlistment. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., the head and front of the anti-war forces, has finally resigned his chairmanship of the Labor forces in the House of Commons.

In some respects, the effect of the war has been to weaken the Trade Unions. In other respects it has widened their outlook and broadened their survey. For the two or three months before hostilities started, the workers had been watching the negotiations for a Triple Entente of their three fundamental industries. The unionists beheld their roll of membership mounting rapidly from day to day. The Labor newspapers had made their young men familiar with the fact

that in Italy, Germany, France, Russia, and the United States there was similar disorganization and disturbance. What more natural, then, than that they should disregard the more cautious advice of their older leaders and believe, in the face of apparent reverses, that the international proletariat would eventually win in the industrial fight!

In more ways than one, then, the siege of Liège marks the end of this ancient order of things and the beginning of a new. The epoch of Syndicalist day dreams has at length come to a close. That undivided army of workers of which the great theorists of Labor had written with such evident belief and confidence, has now been divided up into rival battalions of conscripts, contending with Maxims and Mausers on the fields of Galicia and France. Nations are now far other than mere geographical expressions. The struggle for political freedom looms more largely in the eyes of Labor than the strike for industrial mastery. Before the war the young Labor agitator believed in widening the area of his industrial conflict. He would accept help equally from Germany or France provided the help came from his fellow-workers who were fighting the same proletarian battle. Since the war began he has learnt to admit that a worker is not the same worker if he lives in a different country. The conscript of a Prussian autocrat may call himself a Socialist, but he has a long way to travel before he finds himself emancipated at last in the midst of the Delectable Mountains.

*J. H. Harley.*

## THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### JOCK.

Having got his authority, Sturdy was not the man to take any risk by delaying, and he and another member of the Committee set out for Mexico about a week after the meeting which appointed them. They were to be joined on the American side by a mining engineer. The other two members of the Committee, I believe, set themselves to make some investigation among the books and papers of the Company, so far as in Great Britain, a task scarcely likely to be fruitful, but perhaps desirable in the circumstances.

While these things were happening I was left peacefully at home growing my sweet peas, and attending to other important matters.

It was about the end of the time which Sturdy had allowed for his Mexican trip that I was startled one morning to receive a communication of a remarkable character from a source from which it was little expected. It was a letter from Jock.

I have always wished that I could fix Jock's place in the scheme of things, but I am afraid I never shall. When I think of him he always reminds me of a certain character of whom I have heard who inhabited a lunatic asylum.

This lunatic was playing cricket one day in the asylum team, and during an interval in the match he entered into conversation with a stranger who happened to be present. The stranger was a comparatively poor and hard-worked man, and seemed worried. The lunatic enquired of him what his business was, what remuneration he received, and how long he worked, and was told by the hard-working

man that he generally worked ten hours a-day, and received one hundred pounds a-year in return.

On hearing that, the lunatic gazed on the stranger with unfeigned pity, and eventually expressed his thoughts. "Silly fool," he said. "Come in here and do like me."

Well, I *do* think that Jock in some of his aspects had certain points of affinity with that cheerful lunatic, and I am inclined to think that possibly the same reason from a different point of view—the "work" point of view—had created the letter.

As a letter it is probably the most astonishing communication I have ever received, both in point of form, style, and matter. Different parts of the letter were apparently written at different times and in different moods. For these reasons it is not quite so coherent or consistent as letters sometimes are, though it is not wanting in ingenuity.

Jock began in a comparatively affectionate and reminiscent way—

"*Dear Mr. Kerrendel*,—Out here upon the lonely prairie we often think of home. Do you remember the night before you went back to England when I recited the Ballad of Maggie Muckleball? Well, I have never recited that in public since we came to Canada. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

By what the critics term internal evidence I conclude that this forms one complete part of Jock's letter, and that he laid down the pen at that point for some other occupation. At all events that paragraph seems to form one completed idea. He missed a line and then proceeded—

"This is a great country. To reach the place where we live we sojourned for days. The vastness of the coun-



try exceeds in magnitude, but the flatness thereof is a danger to the population. How can I live without the hills? I must go up. I have climbed on to the roof of the house and up the chimney several times, but they always pull me down. But I have a soaring spirit, and I must climb. When my spirit says go up—then I must go up, and there is no place to go up but the chimney. I shall go up the chimney now."

Apparently Jock broke off his letter-writing to go up the chimney. However, he seems to have got safely down, for he resumes later.

"There is a river in this country. That is the only thing in the place that reminds me of home. But it is not like the river at home. Yet it gives me the only home amusement, and when I have leisure I go down to the river to catch podlies in the banks. But I have no leisure—no leisure—no leisure. Here there is nothing but work. Father works; mother works; Mary works; I work; we all work; they all make me work. Oh, Mr. Kerrendel, this is a miserable country."

From Jock's letter one may gain some idea of the stern labor to which the family were being put, and I have no doubt it was true in the case of the other three. As regards himself, Jock was probably exaggerating, and contrasting whatever quota of work he may have done with the fact that he had done none at all at home. The bitterness of the thing was evidently great, for he continues—

"Do you remember the day when we drove through the square among all the people, and I led the band when it played with the big bass drum? I thought it grand then, but I wish it had never happened, because it sent us away. How was I to know when I led the band that it meant we were coming out here? Nobody told me; they cheated me; they said we were coming to a great country; I don't want to be in a great country. I want to be home. There are no

neighbors here for miles. The village is five miles away, and contains no sweetie-shop. I have not had a black-striped ball since I came to Canada, and the people only laugh at me."

Up to this point of his letter Jock keeps to generality, but now the real object of the whole thing begins to appear, and from friendliness he seems to fall into quite another vein—

"Mother is often crying—Mary sometimes too. Father is too old to work so hard, and I have to work. Now, all this has come upon us since you came to Pomander Farm."

When reading the letter for the first time, I began to perceive that at this point I must prepare for trouble.

"Before you came we were all happy. The house was full of singing, and the hills were full of laughter, and I could whistle all day in the woods and on the hills. But ever since you came it made a difference. You blighted the crops; you ate more than your share of the strawberries; you took away Bessie from me. She was my companion till you came, but after you came I had to say 'Three times round at the vital point—Dirty Dick,' and go home. That was all your doing."

After I had read that, I thought Jock had set forth my iniquities vividly enough. To have blighted the crops is a tall order even for a London barrister. But still worse was to come.

"You not only blighted the crops, but you have blighted the whole family. You have taken Bessie from me; you have got me out of the way to this desperate country, and after getting your own way you have broken Bessie's heart. You are a coward, a scoundrel, and a traitor. You have ruined an honest family. You are in alliance with the devil, and by his arts you have destroyed us."

Apparently the change in the family fortunes and perhaps the flatness of the country in which he was living



had completely deranged Jock's mind. I read on sadly—

"But beware! I say beware!

"Yet I give you one chance. Go to my sister, bow down before her, create an alteration in her state, and marry her. Also you are rich. Rescue us from this country and restore us to the farm from which you have wrongfully cast us out, and I will say no more."

Apparently he thought of stopping at this point, but he adds a few more lines.

"If you do not do as I wish, again I say beware. I am not what I was. I am no more gentle. I am fierce. I grow fiercer every day. If you do not do as I wish, I will come to you and kill you with crackling of bones."

A few days' rest perhaps put him into a saner mood, and he writes further in explanation—

"This is the end. It has taken me three weeks to write this letter. I have written it at times when I was not too depressed. But I shall kill you if you do not do as I wish. I am no more happy.

I am,

The ferocious

Jock.

"Addition.—My sister's address is 9 ——— Avenue, London."

An amazingly intelligent postscript.

So this extraordinary letter ended—the only letter I have ever received from one whose mind was partially deranged. I have only inserted it because it had some consequences.

It must have cost Jock a great deal of trouble to concoct, and a good deal of manœuvring, I fancy, to avoid his relations when writing it. But madmen, I understand, are proverbially acute.

The difficulty about the letter was—how much of the parts which seemed comparatively sane were to be accepted? Yet a charge of breaking a sister's heart, made even at the instance of one who was partially mad,

could hardly be ignored, more especially when he had been so amazingly practical as to add the address.

And I did not know at that time that Bessie had come to London.

It appeared to me that there was only one way to deal with the matter, and that was to call on Bessie.

The more I thought of it the more necessary it seemed. For I confess the idea of death with "crackling of bones" struck my imagination, but did not captivate it.

However, it was not my intention to call on Bessie merely out of alarm for the safety of my bones, but also because the matter was a serious one from the family point of view. Jock, in his excitement, might be writing to others as well as myself, and that was not very desirable. He also might be working mischief in Canada. The difficulty was how to let Bessie know without giving offence.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### ARGUMENT.

I called on Bessie the day after I received Jock's letter. A night's reflection upon the subject only went the further to convince me of the wisdom of that proceeding. But, no doubt, there was also working within me an unconscious desire to see her again after so long a time.

As I journeyed to the place where she lived I asked myself questions. Would she still be the same Bessie? Would she still retain the same sunburnt cheeks and golden tresses, or would she have become pale-faced and her tresses have lost their lustre in the city smoke? And how would she receive me?

Years had gone by since I had seen her, and I had not heard from her for nearly a year. When she had last written to me her letter had been short, merely giving some information which her mother had asked her to

pass on. It was so short that she might have been angry with me. Was she angry?

Many such questions I asked myself in an aimless way—wondering. Jock's letter had impressed me perhaps more than I knew. Could it be possible that she had turned against me and Jock had heard of it, and was merely transmitting in his wild way what were really the family opinions—opinions which all the rest were too proud to state?

Had I a bad conscience then? I wonder. I do not think so. But I remember that I came to certain alternative conclusions as I sat on the top of a bus. Since I had not seen Bessie for so long a time, and since I had endured it, I must be one of two things. Either I could never have been really in love with Bessie or else I must be indeed a very excellent philosopher. I was not quite certain which of these deductions was the correct one.

When I did see Bessie, all doubts as to her attitude were immediately dispelled. For various reasons that would occur to a masculine mind I called on her without notice, and I found her at home, or at least on the premises, if not perhaps at home in the formal sense of the words.

She was at first startled to see me, and then she was unaffectedly glad, and did not conceal it, but welcomed me with her own generous smile.

She was paler faced, but otherwise there was little change in her appearance. The tresses were still of gold and seemed to me as glorious as ever.

Bessie was still living with her aunt, but the change in residence was explained by the fact that the aunt had moved to London. I did not see the aunt. I believe she was in bed, and I had not the faintest desire to disturb her doubtless well-earned slumbers. I had come to see Bessie.

Of that I was perfectly clear and made no concealment of the fact.

I could see that the servant who admitted me to Bessie's presence was extremely anxious to rouse the aunt. As a servant the good woman was large and elderly, and one of the Scotch kind who interfere in all the business of the family. On that occasion she obviously regarded my interview with Bessie—all alone—as highly improper. I am not suspicious by nature, but I am inclined to fear that in the interests of the public welfare she remained outside the door with her ear at the keyhole, after she had retired from the room. At least when I opened the door on leaving, there were sounds in the passage as of some large creature stampeding.

Bessie smiled faintly at the noise.

That smile came at the end of our conversation, but I mention it first because it told its own tale. It was such a curious smile, and it seemed to explain to me things that the conversation did not tell.

But I must go back to the moment when I met her.

I think that her first reception of me was the outcome of naturalness. She was perhaps the most natural member of a family all of whom had the gift. When they were glad they showed it, and so she had done when I appeared, and she had shaken hands warmly while she smiled. But then I think she began to remember. She thought she should not appear so pleased, and so she grew very quiet, and sat down on a chair at some little distance from me and waited to hear what I had to say.

That was a most awkward thing to do. I must say I prefer the talkativeness of women to their silence, at least in times of difficulty. Nothing is more trying than a mute woman. The thing is so unexpected. On this occasion I must have looked very awk-

ward, though I really can see no reason why. I believe I twirled my cane between my fingers for a few moments, an altogether ridiculous proceeding when one remembers the great number of subjects of conversation open to either of us—the number of common interests we had.

I fancy it was recollection that made me stupid. I suddenly remembered the afternoon with the doves and the vision of Bessie in her glory, and I contrasted her as she was before me with my recollection. She was no different, and yet she was somehow incredibly different. It was some inner change. The light of merriment and the glory of home had gone out of her.

I suppose she must have guessed what I was thinking, for she almost appeared to shrink under my gaze. And yet I do not think my thoughts were adverse to her.

But perhaps she did not shrink. Perhaps it was only I who indulged in reverie and comparison.

I dragged myself fiercely out of speculation and began to ask her questions about her family. And she answered me quietly and reasonably, yet all the while watching me curiously. Although it was I who was asking questions, I had a curious sensation as if in fact it was not I who was the questioner but the questioned. It was ridiculous, of course, but I could not escape the idea.

From the answers to my queries it appeared that the family in Canada were doing as well as could be expected, but that the work was proving extremely hard.

When I had exhausted my queries for the time being I paused. Then she suddenly put a question which at once revealed what she had been thinking.

"How did you know to come here?" she asked.

Now I had one source of informa-

tion only, which was Jock's letter, but while I wished to refer to Jock I did not wish to produce the letter on any account. At the same time the abrupt question flung me off my guard. I did not know what to answer.

In my difficulty I mumbled something about directories. I had as a matter of fact looked up a directory to find the location of the house where she lived.

She looked at me, and I remember the mixed unpleasant and joyful sensation which her next words gave me. On the one hand they exhibited her trust; on the other they convicted me of error. "It's not like you to tell an untruth," she said.

What could I say in answer to that? I had to tell something. "One of your family wrote to me," I said.

"Which one?" she asked.

"I don't need to tell which one," I said pleadingly.

"You do," she said, quite firmly for her.

Then I was troubled. Despite a legal training which ought surely to have fitted me to circumvent a mere girl, there was I, apparently nothing more than a helpless pawn in her hands. In my difficulty I sat convicted of untruth, and remained in silence twirling my stick.

She broke the silence.

"If you will not tell me," she said, "I will tell you. Jock wrote to you."

So she knew. I looked out at the window. I wondered how much she knew.

"Will you show me his letter?" she asked.

"No," I said firmly, "I will not."

"Very well," she said, "it doesn't matter. I know all about it, and I know why you have come. He was good enough to write to me and explain all that he had done and how he had written to you, and what he had said." She spoke bitterly.

I said nothing.

"Did he tell you his sister was starving in London while you were living in the lap of luxury?"

"No," I said, "he didn't say that."

She started slightly at my denial. Then she recovered. "He must have omitted that part by accident from your letter," she said.

"Did he tell you that you had broken his sister's heart, and abuse you and threaten you?"

I was silent.

"I know he did," she said. "And I know all the rest of it." Her words sounded very bitter, and it must have cost her much in pride to go through what she was saying. Yet she went firmly through it until I interrupted.

"Really, Miss Pomander," I said, "you know I attach no importance to the letter. I quite understand that Jock is not responsible."

"But nevertheless you came here to-day to see if I was starving, and out of pity for me and all that. I know. You needn't conceal it."

"I came to have the pleasure of seeing you again," I said.

She glanced at me for a moment. "Yes, you could always put things as a gentleman," she said. "But I can only apologize for his doings. I can only say he is not master of his own mind, or he would not have done such a thing——"

I raised my hand deprecatingly, but she went on. She was angry.

"But he will never do it again," she said. "I will see to that, and you need have no fear of trouble. And you need not think that I do not know all your goodness already. I know who was a greater friend when we were poor than rich; I know who subscribed more to the testimonial than any one else; I don't forget who has looked after my pigeons; I know everything." She stopped wild-eyed. She had spoken rapidly and passion-

ately. Of course, as far as I was concerned, she had been magnifying mere trifles, and she was not so well as in the old country days, so that she was nervous and excited.

I tried to calm her when she ceased speaking, but it was difficult, for she was so excited, and her breast was heaving with emotion. "You know everything, you say, about me," I said. "Well, I know everything about you and your family, and I know that none of them are capable of anything mean, when in full possession of their minds. Only disease has made Jock do this, and no one else is responsible. His statements affect himself alone, and I came here to-day only for the pleasure of seeing you."

"Well, we are all thanking you for your kindness at all times," she replied, "and we do not expect anything more—none of us."

She emphasized the "none of us," I suppose that I might have it quite clear that she was not making a bid for my hand. But I was not going to let her run away with a feeling of shame, and an excess of gratitude for anything I might have done. "If anybody in the world ought to be grateful," I said, "it's me." (Grammar on slightly heated occasions is liable to break down.) "I owe you and your family the gratitude of a man and a philosopher for some of the happiest days of my life spent at Pomander Farm—days which I shall never forget."

But she stuck obstinately to her own view. "It is good of you to say so," she said in the sort of tone that implied that my answer really meant nothing. Such being her reply, I realized that I was not likely to make much impression on that subject.

We looked at each other in silence for a few moments—she, rather distressed, and I, perhaps a little annoyed that she would be so obstinate.

Eventually, however, I saw a shadow of a smile appear on her face, and I thought the opportunity favorable to change the subject.

"Let's drop all question of grievances," I said.

"Very well," she said. "As you wish."

It was not exactly the kind of answer I wanted. The tone of her voice was still unsatisfactory. Behind the words, "As you wish," seemed to rest the idea, "you have been so good to us that I am bound to agree to whatever you wish." But I had no desire to be a tyrant. However, I accepted the assent for peace sake.

Then we talked on general lines for a time. I enquired about Eva and found that she was still in Scotland. I also enquired more particularly about Mary and the others. And last of all I came to enquire about herself.

I asked her if she was happy with her aunt. She answered that she was happy. She had a good home.

While she was speaking I glanced around the room where she was sitting, and it struck me as having a very grim appearance. There was an air in the place of Sabbatical calm.

After my survey I looked at Bessie again. But I could deduce nothing. Her face was demure and firmly expressionless.

I made a few more enquiries, but she had been made so sensitive by Jock's letter, and, I suppose, the thought that she had been put in the position of seeming to try to arouse my pity, that she gave only the proudest of answers, which conveyed little. So I rose to go. I said I would come another day if she would allow me.

She gave her assent, if I wished.

After that I opened the door, and then we heard the stampede, and I saw the curious smile on Bessie's face.

It was that faint wistful smile that seemed to tell me everything. In its wistfulness she seemed to be looking back to the happy days in her home; in its faintness and weariness she seemed to be saying how dreary and pitiful her life was now. I understood it all.

I closed the door again and we were left standing close together. I looked right down into her eyes and I spoke words which she had used to me earlier.

"Why have you told me an untruth?" I said.

She was silent.

"You are not happy here. You are miserable and weary and tired, and you are broken down with horrid regulations prescribed by savagely good people. This is not like your home."

At the mention of home her lips quivered and a tear broke forth and stole down one cheek.

I laid my hands on her shoulders in sympathy. I could have kissed the child then. But she burst into a sob of pain and broke from me. "Oh, go away!" she cried.

She stood a few feet away from me with her back to me and her head in her hands. I advanced a step towards her, but she motioned me away. I waited, and then she turned for one moment with red eyes and quivering lips.

"Oh, go!" she cried almost fiercely. "You are not to pity me!"

So I went.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE NOVELS OF EDITH WHARTON.\*

Mrs. Wharton's books, from the earliest to the latest, are more than a collection of penetrating and finely finished studies, they are linked episodes in one continuous adventure, the adventure of her rare and distinguished critical intelligence. She is a writer who has never, so to say, relapsed into a settled life. As an artist she seems to have cared little, perhaps she has not cared enough, to sit still and receive impressions passively. Her choice has been less to watch the drifting images than to seize and to question them. She has waylaid all manner of dramatic moments in widely various scenes, not merely in different lands under different skies, but in a large diversity of mental and moral climates. She has made many experiments, and has been drawn aside into not a few digressions, some of which have seemed to break, a little too abruptly, the forward march of her work. Yet her restless movement has never been wayward, for it has been directed by a single intention; and it is precisely this that has brought her work to the brilliance it has latterly reached, not merely of lucidity and precision, but of quick color and expressive charm. Her intention has clearly been to leave no image and no moment uncriticised, to analyze every impression and to interrogate every conclusion; and the timely moral pointed by her work is the dependence of the reason and beauty of literary form upon this activity.

Mrs. Wharton, then, seizing her ma-

terial, the treasure of an unwritten story or study or novel, has shown that the way to begin is to rend the precious stuff in pieces. The meaning of the delight which an artist finds in this initial process is plentifully misunderstood. The blade of analysis is commonly regarded as destructive; and the writer who rejoices in its use as openly as the author of Mrs. Wharton's earlier volumes is certain to be taxed, if not with mere malice, at least with the failure to discern the warm penumbra of humanity which envelops beauty with its most appealing grace. It would be far more reasonable to measure the force with which the grace has been felt by this determination to insulate and lay bare its elements. The writer well knows the object and the possible reward of his violence. The treasure is torn to bits in the knowledge that it will presently redispense itself ideally. It will strain towards the right shape, the shape that the haphazard chances of life had prevented it from assuming. Rescued at last from the accidental and the alien, the unwritten book begins to find its form. Its essential germ, whatever it may be, is one and unique. Its unity may be that of a figure, a life, a vista of circumstance, a set of relations—in any case it is indivisible; and as soon as it is extricated it expands anew and is ready for its full and logical expression. This at least is its response in the mind of the novelist, the mind in which an infused idea becomes, not an argument, but an acted drama on a set stage. In another mind the flowering and fruiting of the idea, though not less lively, will be different. There is a seed of indestructible fertility in anything that has really been understood, and if its growth is secret, there is nothing mys-

\* "The Greater Inclination" (1899); "A Gift from the Grave" (1900); "Crucial Instances" (1901); "The Valley of Decision" (1902); "The Descent of Man" (1904); "The House of Mirth" (1905); "Ethan Frome" (1911); "The Reef" (1912); "The Custom of the Country" (1913). The first-named work is published by Mr. Lane; the second, third and fourth by Mr. Murray; the rest by Messrs. Macmillan.



terious about the manner in which it is induced to branch.

Thus it is that, looking back from Mrs. Wharton's later command of large and intricate design, we may recognize it as the direct result of an incessantly inquisitive criticism. Her earlier and shorter pieces are like a series of serried question-marks, each confronting some selected case or moment of life, every one of which is called upon to stop and explain, in the fewest words, its precise significance. Its significance, accordingly, dictates the fashion and the scope of the small drama; and, as the author's hand grows more and more assured, so the chosen themes, the moments detained in their flight, begin to make more elaborate and difficult claims. The readiness to put questions is not always the same, it must be conceded, as the readiness to wait for answers; and, as to that, we may sometimes find that this insatiable interrogator darts ahead of her subject, at a pace faster than any at which life can respond. Life, it is true, will move on the whole as fast as we please; but, though it reacts to the acute question with delight, it cannot be expected to summarize its answer in a flash, and at times the space of a flash seems to be all it gets from Mrs. Wharton. Her difficulty here is simply the extraordinary ease with which she discovers fresh problems to be elucidated. There is one gift we could occasionally wish for her, and that is the gift of forgetting that there are more picturesque chances and incidents in the world than one—the one for the moment under our eyes. As it is, she now and then seems, in her earlier volumes, to dismiss her story while it is still asking for a further hearing; not because she can get no more out of it, but because of the other clamorous stories awaiting their turns.

At the same time, if Mrs. Wharton's

touch, in some of her books, has been unduly light, another explanation is discoverable. Almost invariably she has used the short story for the comedy of irony, to which indeed the short story more particularly lends itself. Her odd cases, queer motives, awkward episodes, have generally been such as displayed themselves in that particular light. Now there is nothing in the world which irony so much and so rightly fears as over-emphasis. It has a horror of blackening the telling line or of carrying the expressive gesture too far; and, in recoiling from that excess, it may easily make the more sophisticated mistake of not carrying it far enough. Moreover irony, though it works without a qualm or a doubt in the comedy of situation, can never be quite so sure of itself where it is called upon to irradiate the portrait of a character. Situations, conjunctions of human beings, are more definite and controllable than human beings themselves; and, where but few resources of character are called into play by the action, irony can keep it in hand without difficulty. Character itself, character directly faced and studied, more readily eludes it.

The titular piece in the volume called "The Descent of Man" is an instance to the point. A serious but all too adaptable man of science happens upon certain books of a familiar sort, books which have won an immense popular success by their exploitation of the yearnings of an uncritical public for something it can regard as scientific and philosophical, without danger to its intellectual complacency. The professor amuses himself with the ironical production of a book of this kind. The immediate issue is obvious: the professor's irony will be so fine that it will not prevent his book from obtaining precisely the same success as the effusions he set out to parody, the au-

thor himself falling thereby for the first time under the spell of popularity and its rewards. We wait to see what further and rarer stroke Mrs. Wharton has in store for us. But no: she will not prolong a matter which, given the lively and sensitive consciousness of the professor, we feel would have gone further. With the amount of character she has given him (and the situation required no less) he would no doubt have had more to say.

On the other hand, to take an instance from the same volume, the story called "The Other Two" shows its small circle perfectly described. Here again there is no surprise for the reader, for we see from the first that the climax is to be the embarrassing assembly, round her tea-table, of Mrs. Waythorn's three husbands, the one in present possession and his two discarded predecessors. But here Mrs. Wharton's question, still to call it so, is a simple one. She starts no problem of character and of the effect on it of circumstances, as in the case of the professor. She simply asks: What would such a scene be like?—and evokes the neatest and completest of answers. So too in the matchless "Mission of Jane," where a disaffected couple are finally united in tenderness by their common, but scrupulously unspoken, dislike of their terrible adopted daughter, the thing is conceived, not as an adventure in psychology, but as an incident to be viewed in one long glance of amusement. To this class belong the happiest of these stories, such as "The Rembrandt," "The Pelican," "The Angel at the Grave," in all of which the men and women, hapless and perplexed as they are, arise directly from their own histories. Their histories preceded them, and they have only to act them out. Where Mrs. Wharton has reversed the process and found her drama by exploring minds and characters of a certain

cast ("The Recovery," "The Moving Finger," "A Coward," to name some examples), the scene is apt to result less fortunately. Character, of the sort that requires for its exhibition no more room than the miniature stage of some twenty pages, is obviously character closely pruned, character rigorously simplified for the sake of a single dominant feature. On these terms its movement, in such pieces as those just mentioned, appears both a little constrained and a little vague, as though it were still conscious of the sacrifice, in variety of temperament and interest, which it has been called on to make. Mrs. Wharton, in short, has succeeded better in transposing groups of people, concatenations of incident, into the key of the short story, than in doing the like with the looser agglomeration of the human mind.

The inference to be drawn is evident. If character, so summarized and foreshortened, seemed inclined to be unmanageable, it was tacitly asking to be treated on a larger scale. It was asking, that is to say, for the opportunity of acting and reacting against its like, of showing the stuff of which it is made by confronting other moving and living forces. The opportunity for this is the opportunity for the novel. The short story is the breaking of a wave upon a fixed rock; it cannot perhaps treat the subject which shows a reciprocal clash, the shock of two meeting waves. If this is so, it would be natural that a writer of Mrs. Wharton's speculative and critical imagination should not readily regard the world as a motionless foil for the display of a single impulse. She would rather watch the difficult and highly modern minds which interest her, in their more or less embarrassed conflicts with each other and with the living world of manners. In other words, she would

write novels; and in fact it is in her novels that her work has reached its ripeness. Of these the actual first lies outside the line to be followed here. "The Valley of Decision" was of the nature of an experiment by the way, an excursion into what is called "historical" fiction. It was an experiment which in such hands could not be uninteresting, though its sedulous avoidance of the commonplace note of romance does not quite secure it against occasional theatricality. But as a curious and careful study of the Italy of the eighteenth century it demands a different sort of criticism. From the point of view adopted in these pages it is "The House of Mirth" which ranks as Mrs. Wharton's first novel.

The breadth and the fulness of this book are doubly remarkable. In the first place, in spite of a certain flaw in the structure, to be mentioned presently, there is no sort of constraint about the execution. It is handled with straightforward freedom, and makes its points with evenness and clarity. But "The House of Mirth" also takes us at a stride into the question, hardly raised by its predecessors, of the social and organized (or anti-social and disorganized) life which Mrs. Wharton now proceeded to use for her purposes. America, in fact, and in particular New York, appears as it had not yet appeared in her work. The "crucial instances" of her earlier books were not, on the whole, specifically American. They were types of some of the difficulties to which the victims of modernity are heirs, wherever among modern conditions their lot may happen to have been cast. Many of them, no doubt, were naturally rooted in American soil, but in these America is merely an assumed background, conditioning the action without taking part in it. In "The House of Mirth" New York is no background; it is an urgent and

voluble participator in the drama. It is an actor, indeed, so vehemently alive that Mrs. Wharton's easy and immediate control of such exuberance is a triumph of stage-management. "The House of Mirth" is thoroughly the novel of a novelist; it shows, that is to say, no sign whatever that its author had been accustomed to find her subjects in momentary glimpses that did not ask for broader development. She re-focusses her sight, apparently without effort, to include one of the most remarkable spectacles in the history of manners—the sudden unfolding of a social growth fertilized by vaster streams of private wealth than the world has ever yet known. The glittering show which we associate with the name of Fifth Avenue may, for the service of art, leave something to be desired. But its very intractability is so vividly marked, in a world in which social definitions are everywhere becoming vaguer, that it clearly challenges art to the attempt to make use of it.

The evident difficulty is that the growth has been too sudden to strike us as organic. A living society, as we understand the word, can draw its being only from a stored inheritance of traditions; and the leading feature of this particular New York is its freedom from any discernible debt to the past. This, no doubt, is a superficial view of the matter, for we are presumably not prepared to regard the millionaire as a miraculous and unrelated species. The millionaire and his hierarchy have had their own origins; and evolution is not the less natural for being rapid. The structure of this singular House of Mirth is therefore no more meaningless than any other; and the novelist who could expound its meaning by showing the continuity which it must have with its mysterious past would have a brilliant subject to his hand. Unfortunately the

novelist, as things are, is scarcely in a position to do this, cut off as his experience is likely to be from the conditions of life which have brought about these huge accumulations. He cannot see the new society as the inevitable outcome of ancestral forces, for the necessary links lie in a region which it is usually forbidden him to tread, the region densely veiled from him under the name of business. Till that veil is rent he must chiefly be struck by the passion with which this society has flung itself into the attempt to buy everything that can be bought, and its amazing success in doing so. For the romance of expenditure this is all very well, but the novel of manners looks for something more coherent. No picture could be made of a promiscuity which streams beyond the limits of any frame that might be imposed upon it. A writer like Mrs. Wharton, who touches nothing but to give it finality, could treat Fifth Avenue's indiscriminate raptures in only one way. Her Trenors and Dorsets and van Degens, scattering their millions on both sides of the Atlantic, do not and could not give her a subject for direct study; but it is a different matter when she annexes and uses them for particular issues. If it is difficult to see what they mean or how they were created, what they are devouring or supplanting is less obscure. Mrs. Wharton accordingly pictures, not the Trenors themselves, but their disturbing impact upon other and more impressionable surfaces.

In "The House of Mirth" it is Lily Bart whom they devour, or rather whom they so mould and train that when, by what might have been the fortune of her life, they cease to find a use for her, she can only drop helpless by the way. Lily's fineness of grain, her central independence of spirit, perpetually prevent her from harvesting the profit which her culti-

vation of the Trenors and their like brings under her hand. The fruits of her dependence have a certain grossness of texture which always makes her, when choice has to be made, neglect to appropriate them. She pays for her fastidiousness by finding herself abandoned by the vivid crowd; and she pays for her courtship of the crowd, so carefully taught her by nearly all the conditions of her life, by discovering that her independence is only strong enough to destroy and not to re-make her. In the wavering drama of Lily's hesitations her independence is represented by the one friend who is both near enough to affect her and critical enough to have kept himself free on his own ground. Selden knows, and she knows, that if she is to create an existence of finer values for herself it can be only with his help. Yet between them they fail; and Lily, cast off at last by the crowd for her failure to treat with them consistently on their own terms, does not, at the moment of need, find the outstretched hand. So her drama must necessarily end; for, in the middle of a world which with all accuracy knows what it wants, there is no time for hesitation to feel its way and grow tentatively into strength. This we can easily recognize; but Mrs. Wharton appears, in arranging her effects, to have assumed a little too much for the pace and stress of the hurrying world. That Lily must drop out is clear; and doubtless her subsidence would be rapid. But that her disappearance into obscurity should seem so little remarked, that she should vanish without more splash, is difficult to reconcile with the conspicuousness of her preceding triumphs, especially as her reluctant exile is no further in space than from the palaces of one street to the boarding-houses of the next. We feel that it would take even the Trenors more

time than Mrs. Wharton allows them to ignore Lily so completely, with the splendor of her beauty languishing within five minutes' walk. If this only means that we do not know the race of Trenors as Mrs. Wharton knows them—which indeed is likely—there was then all the more need to convince us securely. But except at this one juncture there seems no detail wanting to our knowledge of Lily's tyrannous world, so direct is Mrs. Wharton's use of sharp descriptive strokes. Nothing could be more unobtrusively right than the way in which the gilded crowd surges over the picture, and parts, at the due moments, to give place to the sensitive quiet of the scenes between Lily and Selden with which the book is exquisitely punctuated.

In "The Custom of the Country" Mrs. Wharton has lately resumed the question of New York for a different purpose. Here again we have the crowd; but this time the crowd reacts, not merely against a personal episode in its midst, but against old traditions of life and manners which it half imitates, half defies. One such tradition, very finely-flavored if a little exhausted by age, is close at hand, occupying the "actual ground" which has produced the more flamboyant crop. The dignity and discretion of this old New York, it is easy to see, will be a frail protection when it is called upon to deal with the insurgent new-comers, and it is likely enough to find itself disconcerted. There will be an eventful story to tell when, cleaving her way through new and old alike, with a determination that grows with her growing perception of her needs, appears Undine—Undine who has emerged from the newest of all, from the resounding void of the Middle West, with her dewy loveliness and her pair of forlorn and bewildered parents. The Middle West is rich

enough to float Undine to New York, but it is her unaided beauty that carries her on from that point and that scars a great disturbing track across lives as firmly rooted, as broadly civilized, as her own is unattached and unconditioned. Undine has nothing and is nothing but her beauty, with just the wit to enable her to perceive that there are worlds where noise and expense are not taken as the measure of all values. If the strongholds of secluded dignity cannot be bought, beauty such as hers can reduce them. Washington Square soon falls; and the Faubourg St. Germain, when its turn comes later on, holds out not much longer. Undine may droop for a moment in the rarefied air of these retreats, but she easily re-asserts herself. In the encounter between her futility and the concentrated significance of old fashions and old manners, it is she who slips away unscathed, possessing as she does nothing more sensitive than her beauty. It is the trained and inherited power of living and feeling that alone knows how to pay and that consequently pays the whole price. Undine is free to regard herself as misjudged and ill-treated, and to carry her undimmed radiance back again to the world she understands.

Each of Mrs. Wharton's later books has represented a new difficulty mastered, and the particular trophy of "The Custom of the Country" is not to be missed, especially when it is placed side by side with "The House of Mirth." The story of Lily Bart, as we then see, is to the story of Undine as a tapestry unrolled to a picture painted in far-reaching aerial perspective. It is not a question of a difference in lively quality. The figures of the earlier tale are as distinct and vivid as those of the later, and their gestures are as free. The difference is that in "The Custom of the Coun-



try" they have air and light and space all round them, that as we watch them they seem able to move towards us and retreat away from us, whereas the procession of "The House of Mirth" passes across its pages at a constant distance from the spectator. The way of the procession is not necessarily, for that, an inferior way; it has its own appropriate and decorative completeness. But the fable of Undine, with its much more elaborate study in contrasts, needed a stage deep as well as wide. The shallower scene is enough for the seething rout to spend its money in; the shapely structures of a world which is openly based upon its past demand a setting in which the gradations of distance are as carefully indicated as the foreground. In "The Custom of the Country," for all its big sweep from continent to continent, the eye is never distracted by the flutter and flash of Undine's restlessness, for it is constantly aware of the spreading social landscape in which she ranges so irresponsibly. It is in particular the spectacle of French life, the life that is lived behind the huge-portalled house-fronts in the narrow streets of the "Faubourg," and the life that passes in what Mrs. Heeny, Undine's irrepressible *masscuse*, pleasantly calls the "Shutter country," which absorbs the gaze with its deep layers of distinction and monotony and expressive composure, of immemorial ignorance of the world coupled with the finest expertness in manipulating the fabric of existence. Its contrast at every point with Undine's inarticulate and barbaric innocence, which the ransacked spoils of a dozen climates leave exactly as blank as before, is worked out, filled in, rounded off with a precision that shows not a single touch mistimed or out of place.

"The Custom of the Country," in short, is a fine book, but unluckily it

is all too good for Undine. It is difficult to see, given the lines on which Mrs. Wharton has treated the action, how it could have been otherwise. Undine, as a mere bubble of rainbow tints, may possibly have substance enough to wound and destroy, though it is perhaps doubtful whether we can quite accord all that Mrs. Wharton claims for beauty so unsupported by any gifts of character whatever. At any rate, if this empty shining fairness is to be endowed with such importance, it is clear that we must be made to see it at every turn and be conscious of it at every moment. It must fill the air for us with the very same revelation of glowing light that bewitched its victims. But Mrs. Wharton for the most part chooses to look in the opposite direction; that is to say, she makes us chiefly see with Undine's eyes and watch her beauty as it is reflected in the intent gaze of her adorers. So and in no better way could we be convinced of many a vision of enchantment, but the workings of Undine's mind are altogether too rudimentary to help us out in her case. Undine, being nothing but an exquisite object, should surely have been treated exclusively as an object. This is no doubt a somewhat subversive reflection to throw out in passing, for it of course implies a point of departure and a way of approach to the story entirely different from those which Mrs. Wharton has chosen. Where in this case she could have found a controlling and unifying centre is a question it might be inconvenient to tackle. But it seems as though Undine's triviality could not otherwise be made strong enough to carry the piled-up irony of her career through such a series of glittering scenes.

Mrs. Wharton has only once, outside these two novels, used America in the sense in which it is used in

them. This was not when she wrote "The Fruit of the Tree," although in fact that story never leaves American soil. There she reverted to the subject which arises out of a particular equivocal case, a case which may happen to be American but is not necessarily so. It is treated with much less assurance than Mrs. Wharton had shown in its immediate predecessor, "The House of Mirth." She seems to fasten on her theme with some uncertainty, and in consequence to leave it both incomplete and rather diffusely amplified. But "The Fruit of the Tree" may be passed over here because it puts us in touch with a side of Mrs. Wharton's imagination which we shall presently find far more clearly and richly illuminated. Meanwhile, directly facing the full glare of the relentless American light, comes the grim little story called "Ethan Frome." Here indeed is American life of a tougher substance than that of Fifth Avenue, life as tightly wedged in its snow-piled mountain-valleys as the other drifts aimlessly. In such a setting the simplest notes fall sharply on a wintry silence which seems to be waiting for unrelieved and fantastic tragedies like Ethan's. The bitter futilities which imprison Ethan's existence close on it again faster than ever after his one crowning and vain attempt to bring passion, if not to life, at least to death. Not only is the gift of death denied to Ethan and Mattie, but they may not even live in an undesecrated memory of their single contact with beauty. By the long anti-climax of their fate memory itself is corroded; and it is the mean indignity of pain, not its sanctity, which is thrown upon Ethan's tragic powers of endurance.

There is no prescribing the limitations of a talent which never tires of the enterprise of criticism. Mrs. Wharton's art, trained on all the re-

finements and sophistications of modernity, rose in "Ethan Frome" to meet suggestions of an entirely new kind and instantly singled out their peculiar demand. We can see in the finished tale exactly what this demand was and how easy it would have been to overlook it. Ethan's history was just a flash of inarticulate passion, thrown against the blinding whiteness of the New England winter. There are no half-tones in such a life, and nothing for the writer to do—so it might seem, but to give with as few strokes as possible the huge monotony of the snow and the brief storm of Ethan's rebellion. The story would need only the telling juxtaposition of two such intense effects. It would be a drama, but a drama of landscape, the dumbness of these village tragedies being such as to make them appear but a part, even a subordinate part, of the scene—mountain or field or forest—which witnesses them. We have had a good deal of this decorative treatment of village life, and America seems to have had still more; but we have not had much of the sort that Mrs. Wharton gives us. "Ethan Frome" is not in the least a study in *genre*. Its landscape is there, and there with all vividness, but it is behind it. The action in front, the strange calamitous issue, has its perfectly independent movement. It is not described for the sake of the picturesque scene; the scene is described, the snow blazes, for the sake of the action. How, then, was Ethan's story, where there is so little that can happen and so much less still that can be spoken in words, to be made to stand out and take the eye with its own dramatic value? This, as Mrs. Wharton has seen, is the appeal of the story to such art as hers, for which a mere "landscape with figures" would be too easy to be interesting. She meets the appeal in a manner more difficult to

define than to recognize and admire.

What is it, in fact, which makes the slightest, most trivial incident seem, under certain hands, to glow with an inner light, to appear unique and final and incomparable with anything else, so that we do not think of weighing or measuring it by any general standard? The little characteristic episode, chosen by the novelist to illustrate some development of a situation, may become, if it has this quality, a poem of delight, where, if the quality is lacking, we are only irritated by the transparency of the novelist's art. The great master of this particular subtlety is undoubtedly Tolstol, with his extraordinary power of absorbing the whole of our attention with a few light touches, till the scene evoked grows important and urgent, a thing to be watched breathlessly, even though it may be no more than the picture of a stable-boy saddling a horse or a child amusing itself with a box of paints. Whatever it consists in, this power is at work in "Ethan Frome." The tiny incidents which lead gradually up to the strange catastrophe are magnetized and luminous and *quick*. We do not feel that Mrs. Wharton, in telling her story by means of such small homely events, is using a clever artistic restraint; we feel, on the contrary, that the events—a tramp through the snow, the breaking of a glass dish, the carrying of a trunk downstairs—are the natural and sufficient channels of great emotion. How is it done? The question touches what is perhaps the central and most distinguishing gift of the true novelist, his power of so completely identifying himself with the character through whose eyes he is seeing that his field of vision, both in extent and in particularity, is exactly no more and no less than that of the man or woman he has imagined. Mrs. Wharton, in the few and simple pages

of "Ethan Frome," has shown more conclusively that she possesses this power than in anything else she has written, for she has written nothing in which she has so rigorously denied herself all other help.

But all this time, though we have seen Mrs. Wharton with gathering assurance approach her task from different sides, we have not found her concentrating her whole mind upon a certain part of it which she was bound to undertake in time. The novelist's task is a complex of more or less distinguishable problems; and in any single fiction, of the kind capable of sustaining such criticism, we can point to one of them as that which the writer has had principally to treat. The problem which Mrs. Wharton at last reached in "The Reef" is that of the squarely faced, intently studied portrait; and the portrait she produced is surely on the whole the most compellingly beautiful thing in all her work. She has never been more happily at home with her material—for her material has never been of finer paste—than she appears in creating the figure of Anna Leath. Anna, indeed, gives us the sense that she had all along been waiting for Mrs. Wharton, assured that the time would come when the one person who could do her justice would be ready to take her in hand. They were made for each other. Anna's answering lightness and softness and warmth vibrate instantly to Mrs. Wharton's touch—pressure so perfectly timed in its rhythm that the movement of hand required to exert it is barely perceptible. There are moments in "The Reef" when it seems impossible that Anna can continue to satisfy demands which grow ever quieter and more searching; yet the more her capacity is taxed, the more sensitively she responds. The security with which Mrs. Wharton is able to count on her

is, of course, the measure of what she has put into her; and this is perhaps more than a critic, who sees Anna from our side of the Atlantic, can hope to recognize completely. Anna is American in every syllable of her history and to the last recesses of her consciousness—that is certain; but she is an American that represents no antithesis to Europe. She is rather, for the most part, the affirmed and intensified expression of just the qualities usually supposed to be the legacy of long-settled traditions. Only an American—not to attempt a more precise definition—could be as fragrantly, as exquisitely, as *painfully* civilized as Anna, with her heritage of sensibility, her anxious discriminations, her devious and shadowy shyness. We can follow her sympathetically through all this; but her minutely stippled discretion baffles us in the end by what we can only call its impossibility. Anna is characteristically and exasperatingly impossible; and the English mind, practised in all the uses of indifference and compromise as the lubricants of daily life, will never quite understand how she can be at once so keenly enlightened and so profoundly ingenuous. But Mrs. Wharton understands, and threads the whole glowing labyrinth of Anna's mind without an instant of hesitation.

Anna would make a drama, joyful or deplorable as the case might be, but certainly absorbing, out of any train of circumstances on which she might turn her brooding attention. The lightest appeal would rouse her courage and her loyalty, the simplest *cas de conscience* would call into play the whole armory of her doubts. Mrs. Wharton has boldly produced a case which is far indeed from straining Anna's resources in the matter of double-edged spiritual scruples. There is plenty to agonize her in the difficult question which she has to answer in

"The Reef." The question there is what becomes of her relation to Darrow, the relation which has finally asserted itself as the most substantial fact in her dream-beset life, when she finds she must adapt it to a view of him in which he seems unrecognizable. Her feeling for him does not change; the trouble would be less if only it would. But that is not the way of emotion, which, as Anna has to learn, will never show the least inclination to save us trouble. It will not obey established facts, or lose its brightness on the mere proof that the spring which fed it has been deflected. Darrow remains fully himself at the same time that, in the light of his hapless adventure with Sophy, he appears other and strange; and Anna finds on her hands two separate strains of impulse in regard to him which must somehow be fused into one. Perhaps it is impossible; perhaps she can just manage it. What is certain is that Sophy's more lucid simplicity, her clearer eye for decisive action, put to shame the luxuriance of Anna's hesitations. Sophy can act swiftly and self-forgetfully, where Anna can only torture herself with questions which after all refer to nothing but the saving or the losing of her own happiness.

If in "The Custom of the Country" the spacious brilliance of the scene is too much for Undine's tenacity, something of the sort, transposed and reversed, has surely happened in "The Reef." The difficulties which Anna is called on to deal with are handed over to her in a form hardly worthy of her genius, and with a certain abruptness which betrays Mrs. Wharton's tendency to reap her harvest before it is ripe. It was in this case of the first importance that the opening scenes should establish, beyond possibility of question, the inherence of Darrow's passage with Sophy in the texture of the whole history. We must not only,

that is to say, see Darrow and Sophy thrown together at the start and be convinced of the steps by which they became involved in their adventure, but we must be quite certain, when we pick up their fortunes again later on, under Anna's warm gaze, that they really are the same Darrow and the same Sophy that we saw before. The fact is that on this point we are not entirely reassured. Darrow himself is in any case a somewhat pale figure, the least animated of the company; and if the marks which he bears of the past are too slight, it may be because Mrs. Wharton has scarcely succeeded in giving him substance enough to show them. But with Sophy it is different. Sophy, romantically established and occupied under Anna's roof, in the pale serenity of the French autumn, is too graceful a figure in her tremulous bravery for us to be doubtful about her. She is not the boyish young adventuress, wind-ruffled and rain-brightened, whom we met on Dover pier in the first chapter. This does not, of course, mean that she might not have been—that she would never have done what she is described as doing, or that, if she had, the young adventuress would not have been softly transmuted by the silvery light of Givré. But Sophy at Givré does not strike us as having undergone any transmutation—she is merely a new acquaintance; and it is only by an arbitrary act of authority on the part of the writer that the events of the prologue become the discoveries which Anna has presently to find a place for in her mind.

The prologue, with the use to which it is put, has, in short, to be conceded to the author of "The Reef," without too close enquiry as to whether she has earned it; and perhaps after all it is conceded with no great effort. For as soon as the shift is effected, and Anna has taken her place as the

centre of vision, the action is all absorbed into a certain mood and borne forward with a particular momentum in which the difficulties of the transition are soon forgotten. The mood is expressed in the romantic beauty of the old house, its worn and wan and experienced distinction, not mellowed and enriched by its long past (as an old English house would be) so much as patient under the weight of it and still capable of anxious thought. Anna brings to Givré her own simpler generosity of charm; and the youth around her, the youth of her engaging young step-son and her delicious little daughter, the new sensitive youth of poor Sophy, steeps the drama in the freshest of atmospheres and gives the impulse of poetry to its movement. These chapters are undoubtedly the finest that Mrs. Wharton has yet written. With the scene so prepared, the air so alert with the intelligence of life, the presence of apprehended pain and disaster must instantly be felt. Words are hardly needed; knowledge comes with chance glimpses, a turn of the head, a negligent movement, the slightest possible deflections from the natural and the expected. Doubts and fears emerge, and the whole train of consciousness, lapsing in a new direction, gathers pace and becomes distress and bewilderment, without the necessity for one violent stroke or emphasized effect. Here, then, is yet another and a new attainment of Mrs. Wharton's fiction. She so rounds and fuses her subject, she throws over it the light of so receptive and intent a mood, that when once the development is started it carries itself through to the end, moving as one mass and needing no further impulsion.

The part played, in maintaining this equable flow, by Mrs. Wharton's use of striking and picturesque imagery, is too remarkable to be passed over. Imagery is commonly regarded as a



kind of applied ornament, giving variety and relief to plain narrative; but it has a better justification than this when it is used as a structural part of the narrative itself. Mrs. Wharton has the rare gift of thinking naturally in images; they are not to her an added grace, but an immediate dramatization of a simple statement; and since a line of drama will always carry more weight than many lines of mere description, a pictorial symbol, so employed, economizes time and effort, supports and advances the narrative as well as adorns it. "The Reef" would give very many examples of this treatment of imagery, its impressment into the service of story-telling; though of course its practical help in any particular case cannot be measured without the full context. An isolated quotation only illustrates the vivid aptness of the picture, but it is worth illustrating:

"After that she no longer tried to laugh or argue her husband out of his convictions. They *were* convictions, and therefore unassailable. Nor was any insincerity implied in the fact that they sometimes seemed to coincide with hers. There were occasions when he really did look at things as she did; but for reasons so different as to make the difference between them all the greater. Life, to Mr. Leath, was like a walk through a carefully classified museum, where, in moments of doubt, one had only to look at the number and refer to one's catalogue; to his wife it was like groping about in a huge dark lumber-room, where the exploring ray of curiosity lit up now some shape of breathing beauty and now a mummy's grin."

In the English-speaking world there are always plenty of voices ready to explain to a deliberately trained and practised artist like Mrs. Wharton the certain risks and likely failures of her method of work. Such a writer will be well-accustomed to hear that im-

agination is chilled by excessive attention to finish and design, that many of the greatest novelists have been careless of technical niceties, and that imperfect life is, at any rate, better than dead perfection. These assertions, undeniable and un denied, are not in themselves a great contribution to criticism, but they do, of course, point to a general truth of more interest. A writer ideally needs both a certain detachment from his material, so that he may grasp it as a whole, and also complete immersion in it, so that he may be aware of it with every nerve, never consciously using his powers of divination and deduction. Without the ability to stand over and away from his structure he can neither knit it firmly nor expose it squarely; but he cannot give it expressive value, the flush of life which is its very reason for existence, unless he has the affinity of long habit with the stuff he is working in. Of these two sides of the novelist's task it is obviously the first on which Mrs. Wharton is most at home; her books are the books of an imagination far more easily stimulated to work than induced to ruminate. Their curious lack of anything that could be disengaged as a philosophy of life, a characteristic synthesis of belief, is no doubt their weakness from one point of view, just as their fine clear-cut outline is their strength from another. The mind that has never, so to say, compromised itself with life, that has kept its critical integrity entirely out of the way of imaginable superstition, must naturally pay for its fastidiousness in some sort; and it may well pay by the loss of the fullest possible intimacy with the stuff of character—especially of social character as opposed to individual—an intimacy more lightly won by the uncritical mind which does not know how to use it. There is accordingly a certain amount of Mrs. Whar-

ton's work which shows the general defect of the *tour de force*—a defect, not of sinew or bone, but of vein and marrow. Such are the penalties of a talent whose leading qualities are swiftness and acuteness. But it is precisely in the case of a talent like this that summary inferences are most misleading, for its future can never be predicted. As time goes on its power is revealed by the fact that it begins to add to itself, right and left, the very virtues which appeared furthest from its reach, and to produce

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work which has gained in every respect, in freshness and vigor as in controlled flexibility, over its earlier experiments. This has been the history of the work of Mrs. Wharton; and, because it has not only had a history but is constantly making one, always attacking new positions and never repeating either a failure or a success, it is work of the kind most of all interesting to criticism, work of which, in the middle of its course, nothing can be foretold but that its best is yet to come.

*Percy Lubbock.*

## BIRDS AND THE BATTLEFIELDS.

Of all the letters so anxiously expected at home from brave men fighting at the front, it is likely that none are awaited with anxiety more keen, or received with greater pleasure, than those of the middies in our guarding ships. They are so young, with so little a corner of life's veil uplifted for them, to be engaged in such deadly peril. From them we never hear the note of apprehension sounded in those letters. Always they write full of hope for a fight, full of zeal, and often with much humorous comment on their immediate surroundings, or on the general situation. There must be long spells of monotony dividing brief but glorious moments of excitement only too vivid, and from one or two of the letters that I have been lucky enough to see, it is evident that the visit of land birds in numbers to some of the ships has been an occasion of great interest to the hosts of the winged wanderers.

"It's awfully funny," wrote one, "what a lot of land birds there have been on board. They are not sea birds, like gulls and birds with webbed feet, but just the ordinary sorts of birds that you see in the garden. I cannot think what they can have been

doing there unless they had been scared off the land by the firing."

Another writes:

"No end of little birds have been all about the ship to-day: they look rather out of place, but they seem very tame—chaffinches, wrens—no end of them, and a lot of other sorts. I'm not allowed to say where we are—Lat. or Long. or anything of that sort—but it is right out at sea, and the funny thing is that the birds seem to have come not from the direction of any land, or any near land at all. They must have come a long way. I suppose they are migrating, but I did not know that wrens did migrate."

The last writer is evidently something more of an ornithologist than the former. Doubtless he has hit on the right solution of the appearance of those land birds far from their haunts: they are on migration. The suggestion, however, of the former and less experienced student of birds is not so wild as it may seem—that these wanderers were sent across the sea by the firing. It is nearly sure that this was not their particular case, but it is almost as sure, according to observations of ornithologists in Kent and other eastern and south-eastern

counties of England at the time of the Franco-German War of 1870, that a large number of Continental birds did come at that date to this corner of England. It seems that they were principally birds of prey—large hawks, such as the buzzard—but very likely this may have been only an illusion, due to the fact that birds of this species would be noticed more often and recognized more easily than smaller birds, such as finches and the like. It has been observed that the increase of the hawfinch in England seems to date from about this time, an increase which has been progressive ever since, and it has been suggested that the firing and all the uproar, which almost certainly were the causes of the birds of prey leaving their usual haunts and crossing the Channel, give the explanation of a considerable pilgrimage of the hawfinch—always a shy and evasive bird. So the speculation of the middy first quoted, that the birds coming to the ships were frightened away from the land by the fearsome cannonading, is not by any means altogether without reason, though it is most improbable that it was the true cause of the appearance of these particular birds.

That true cause is the marvellous migration instinct which has claimed the wonder and admiration of man in all ages, when he has turned his thoughts to give any consideration to the ways of his fellow pilgrims in a lower rank of the evolutionary scheme. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." This from Jeremiah, and several other references in Scripture refer to the migration. The comings and goings of the crane are particularly observed by Homer; and, naturally, Aristotle, taking all knowledge for his province,

discussed and studied the birds and their movements. Among much wisdom he mingled certain fantasies, such as the hibernation theory, which held its place as an article of faith for many centuries, and even the transmutation of species. Seeing that certain of the mammals pass the cold weather in a state of trance, it would seem no outrage on the laws of Nature were birds to do so likewise. We know, however, as a fact, that they do not. Aristotle, though he has to take responsibility for much, is to be acquitted of any share in the strange theory of the subaqueous hibernation of swallows, which was an article of his faith for Gilbert White's friend, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and was discussed with the gravity due to a perfectly possible hypothesis by the great naturalist of Selborne himself. Some of the natural history works of the Middle Ages have delightful pictures of birds, in a hibernation trance, together with fishes, being drawn from the sea in nets. A very credible eyewitness from Russia told Mr. Pepys all about it, as you may read in the great gossip's diary.

Our middies, we may believe, have seen and will continue to see marvellous things, but we do not hear of their observing any such occurrence as this. On the other hand, cruising as we suppose them to in the North Sea and around the north coast of Scotland right up to the Faroe Islands, and farther west again along the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, they have been everywhere in the full current of the migration stream. When men of trained observation, like Aristotle, began to consider the movements of the birds, it was perceived in a general way that they went south on the approach of cold weather and came north again as it grew genial in the spring. That was the old naturalist's account of the matter; and it is

an account that holds good enough for the Northern Hemisphere, but it is evident that it did not quite reach the meaning of those movements. It assumed the cold to be a sufficient and immediate explanation, whereas we know that it is only indirectly the cause. We have realized that there are certain seasons of the year, say from November to April, in the Northern Hemisphere when all the northern portion of that hemisphere is quite unsuited for the residence of birds that require insect food. On the other hand, just because it is virtually without insect life in the winter, and because the winter is very prolonged, its insect life as well as its floral life is extraordinarily rich in summer. The flowers and insects have to get through, in course of a few weeks, that business of first importance in Nature's scheme, the reproduction of their kind, which in the temperate belt may be spread out far longer. Thus it is that we have the marvelous exuberance of the Siberian spring, to which all who have seen it bear emphatic testimony. If all the birds endeavored to do all their domestic work and bring up their families in that belt around the tropics where, and where alone, a good many of the strictly insect-eating kinds are able to find food to maintain life during our winter months, it is obvious and certain that a great many little callow mouths would gape in the nests in vain, because there would not be enough insects within the hunting range of their parents to fill them all. Doubtless it is a certain recognition of this fact that has been the chief influence in forcing the birds to acquire the habit of migrating from the central belt of the earth towards its poles for their nursery work, arriving at their Arctic or Antarctic quarters, as the case may be, just at the moment when the populous short spring

and summer of these regions are at their commencement. Then, when this short spell of eager life is over, food supplies of the insect-eating birds begin to fail towards the poles, and the birds begin their journey back again towards the centre, and in their course traverse those tracts of sea where our middles have noticed them. One of the writers notes that the birds seemed to come from the direction farthest from land, and that, though evidently not what he would have expected, is exactly what the facts of the case as known to the ornithologist would lead him to look for. The birds would be coming southwards and south-westwards from Scandinavia. Mr. Eagle Clarke, who is our latest and "up-to-datest" authority on this subject, found the Fair Island a fine centre for his migration studies. The stream of birds going southwards impinges on the north coast of Scotland, and some of its pilgrims go down along our east and others by way of the west coast. On their route they nearly always follow the coast-line if they are on passage—that is to say if they are birds which do not make a winter residence with us, but are on their way farther south, for our islands are visited by pilgrims who are journeying to very different bournes. Both of the spring and of the autumn migrants, some come to stay, others only use our islands as a man may take his ease at his inn. On the autumnal journey they will sometimes tarry at our hostelry, for then they are moving leisurely. There is no pressing hurry, so long as the provisions are good. On the reverse course, in spring, they do not dally. The strongest impulse in their nature is urging them to be ever moving till they come to the scene of their infancy, where they will, in their turn, bring up a family of infants of their own. This is a business which brooks no delay.

I think we may take it that it was a detachment of the birds thus coming down from the Arctic border that our middles saw on board their ships. This north to south (roughly thus indicating the compass points) line of flight is not the only one which bird pilgrims to our shores follow at this time. There is also a tolerably direct east to west and west to east flight of immigrant and emigrant birds across the North Sea and the Channel, of which the majority of the westward and immigrant travellers strike Great Britain near the mouth of the Thames. They have a liking for following river ways, and pursue their course along the Thames valley into the heart of England, branching off, here and there, by the ways of its tributaries. That is their main course of travel, though portions of the incoming crowds break off north and south along the coast from the Thames estuary and work inland by other river courses. And not only do they pursue the guiding lines of the rivers on arrival, but it is by a like guidance that they have steered their way over Continental Europe. These birds thus coming to us are the Central Europe birds, and to arrive on the Continental west coast they generally follow the course of such rivers as the Rhine, Scheldt, and Maas. You may see what, or partly what, that must mean to them in the present dreadful circumstances. The paths which they and their forbears have been accustomed for generations to traverse, and have always, with the exception of the autumn and spring of the Franco-German War of 1870, found paths of peace, are converted into an inferno of war turmoil. We do not know to what extent their migration flight has been affected, but it is difficult to think that it will not have been affected in some degree. There is no reason why our middles should not find their ships

visited by migrants on these lines, crossing from the mouths of the Rhine and Scheldt towards the Thames, if they were in that southern portion of the North Sea; but, as a matter of fact, we have some little evidence, in the species of birds of which they write, that this was not the locality of their vessels when the wanderers boarded them. They write of the chaffinches and the wrens. The birds which they would have seen, had they been in the southern area of the North Sea, would not consist at all largely of the latter species. They would be, as we have said, of the Central European kinds—mainly hoodie crows, rooks, skylarks, starlings, and chaffinches. The chaffinch would be a very probable, almost a certain, visitor, though the ornithologists class him as a typically "Northern Continental" species rather than of the Central European tribes. But the wren does not seem to take this line, or not to have been noticed travelling by it in any numbers, although with the golden-crested wren it is a favorite route. The wren, our sombre-hued though cheeky little brown friend, without the gay golden crown, is in the "Northern Continental" list, and we may take it, on his witness alone, that probably it was as they patrolled the more northerly North Sea, or the ocean even more towards the west, that these little travellers came on board the ships. It is, of course, a perpetual astonishment to us that birds so tiny and, apparently, of such feeble wing power, should make these long over-sea migrations; but it is an astonishment that is renewed with unfailing regularity each spring and autumn. Nor is it at all unusual for the travellers to seek rest by the way on a ship met in the course of their transit. Mr. Eagle Clarke notes that two wrens came aboard one evening about 4 P.M., when he was making



observations, and slept in the reef of the sail.

The "man in the street," to speak of him as the type of all popular ignorance, is apt to divide the birds of his casual acquaintance by a very simple division into migrants and residents—birds which are with us only part of the year, and those which are with us always. He heads the former category with the cuckoo and the swallow, and there are perhaps not many species that he would be more likely to name as representative of the latter class than these very two observed of the middles—the chaffinches and wrens. The more closely migration is studied, the more complex the problem grows. The cuckoo and swallow may well stand as typical migrants, though the movements of the former are full of interest and mystery. How do the young cuckoos, migrating long after their true parents and unaccompanied by their nurses, find their way unerringly to the south? But, leaving that discussion, which would carry us too far a flight out of our course, we have to note that there are many species, these chaffinches and wrens among them, of which many individuals stay with us all the year round, while many go to and from our islands at spring and autumn under a like impulse to that which inspires the migration of cuckoo and swallow. An even more astonishing thing than this happens, and that is that, at the very same moment at which some of a species are emigrating, others are coming in as immigrants. And as they often use the same lines of flight, and more often still lines which intersect, the observer's task is complicated by the very singular fact that he may find a stream of birds going north or west towards our islands and, crossing them, a stream of the very same species going in the opposite line. It

is obvious what a confusion this is likely to cause in the records, and how careful their compiler needs to be. The task is not quite so difficult where, as is the case with the starlings, for instance, there is a slight but appreciable difference of plumage between birds born in Great Britain and those native to the Continent. Their coming and going streams intersect, and they are of species which appear to be most readily attracted by the glare of the light-ships or houses. Chaffinches also cross in their out-goings and incomings in a like manner. At the Kentish Knock light-ship, for instance, Mr. Clarke notes that "on the morning of October 15th it" (that is to say the chaffinch) "was passing to South-South-West as a British emigrant, and to the West as an immigrant." I am not aware that there is any difference that can be detected between chaffinches that are native here and those that are born and bred on the Continent.

Truly the conditions under which the birds have been essaying their great autumnal movements to and fro these islands must have been very strange to them this year. It is better to write essaying, for it is hardly to be thought that they can always have succeeded in its accomplishment. It is not only that all the din of furious war has been raging night and day along the very course of one of their most favorite passage routes. Though that is, perhaps, for us the most obvious feature, it is likely that they find a greater strangeness and alteration still when they quit the land for their across-sea flight. That flight, it should be noticed, is a nocturnal transit. It is manifestly necessary, if we consider the conditions, that it should be so. The bird armies, like the human, require to be fed, and birds, as a rule (the predatory kinds are an exception), cannot easily go long between

meals. The vast majority are the diurnal birds: they have to do their foraging by daylight. See, then, what it would mean were they to traverse the sea in the daytime. They would have had but a hurried meal—like a breakfast which we snatch in haste before catching an early train—previous to starting; throughout the journey they would find no restaurants at which to refresh themselves, for the “unharvested sea” affords neither vegetable nor insect food; and, finally, they would arrive on the farther shore, if at all, when night was falling, so that they would have to wait yet another twelve hours or more, supposing the month to be November, before the light of returning day permitted them to go about the long-delayed business of finding their next meal. It would mean a thirty-six hours’ fast, in round figures, and that, added to the journey’s fatigue, would mean death to a good round number of the fasting pilgrims. Nature has taught them a better wisdom. Travelling, as they do, by night, they would have a good day’s food inside them, and on arrival at the farther shore would meet a new day just beginning, wherein they might pick such seeds and insects as they needed before composing themselves to sleep off the weariness of the night’s travel. The fasting period would be but twelve hours, as against the thirty-six which a diurnal journey would be likely to impose.

For the best of reasons, therefore, they go by night. It used generally to be assumed that they travelled at an immense height. They were seen by Herr Gatke at Heligoland coming straight down as if descending from the very heavens; and a like account of their perpendicular descent has been given by other bird watchers. Whence, apparently, it has been deduced that the normal elevation of their migration flight is very great. But really it

would not need that they should be flying immensely high for their settling on the ground to give this impression to an onlooker; and on the other hand Mr. Clarke and others who have observed the migrating birds from lighthouses and ships have seen them going close over the surface of the water, just as we see them at times passing, low-flying, over the ground. Some species, no doubt, habitually fly much higher than others, whether in their great statutory journeys or merely when moving from one feeding-ground to another. Geese, for all their size, are often so high that they cannot be seen, though their “honking” cry may be heard.

But whether high or low, and however they may be directed in those over-sea passages (for this again is one of the mysteries of this subject so fraught with mystery, though one which would lead us too far from the course to follow here), whether coming hither or going away from us, it is likely that the older birds, those that “have been there before,” must have become accustomed to certain appearances of the coast, such as the lights of the coastward towns and of the light-ships. They will have grown used to passing, without alarm, the lights of ships going on their course or riding quietly at their anchorage. But what must they have found, immensely to their astonishment, this year? The whole arch of heaven swept unceasingly by the immense searchlights projected from those ships on which our correspondents did the diverse works of midshipmen. It is difficult to imagine a more complete change in the conditions through which they had to make good, if so be they might, their journey. The condition normal to them was one of a placid heaven punctuated here and there with occasional points of light: that they have lately found exchanged for a

firmament confused with what surely must have been for them a most bewildering glare of criss-cross beams of a volume and a brilliance hitherto unknown by them. It is hardly to be expected but that a very large number of them must have failed to find their way. They cannot have been wholly unaffected by circumstances so outrageously strange.

The birds are very careful choosers of their nights for sea-transit. It has been observed that migration is very rare with a south-east wind; but this is not because that trend of wind is unfavorable to flight, but only because it is a wind associated with foul weather. The travellers like anti-cyclonic conditions, and if they can be fairly assured of a clear sky and an absence of high wind, they will essay the journey as soon as the natural instinct spurs them to it. If conditions are not in favor, they will delay the flight for weeks, with the result that, when the promising night arrives, they take advantage of it to come over in their millions. But it will happen, in the mutability of terrestrial moods of weather, that, starting on a fine night, they may find it misty as they come over the sea—perhaps with a fine drizzle—and it is on such a night as this, when the great lanterns are illuminating each separate particle of rain, and there is a contrasted darkness round and about those planes of light, that the birds are most attracted and distracted and beat against the glass, like moths about an electric globe, until they fall exhausted and die in the sea.

It is, of course, quite impossible for us to estimate or even to conjecture the misleading influences on the travelling birds of these beams of radiating light sent up to high heaven by warring man. That multitudes must have been thus misled there can be no doubt, but I have not yet personally noticed, nor

heard from anyone else a report of, any great difference in the distribution of our birds this winter. Of course, not all the birds which touch our islands during their migration spend either winter or summer with us: that is yet another phase of the migration movements that is outside the philosophy of the "man in the street." A vast number are "on passage" only—that is to say, are taking the shores of our islands as guides to their flight and making brief rests on the way. On a first glance we might be inclined to think that the birds which come to us on their way north, having the farthest to go, would be likely to arrive sooner than those which mean to stay with us. The truth is just the reverse, and a moment's consideration shows that for the welfare of these wing-borne pilgrims it is necessary that it should be so. In northern regions the spring is later in arrival than with us who live, not only farther south, but in the mid-current of the warm Gulf Stream. Inherited experience has evidently taught those nesters in the north that it is no wise bird who will hurry thither while all is still frozen and there is no life of the flowers nor of the flying or creeping insect. If they arrived thus prematurely they would starve to death: probably many forbears of their kind actually have suffered this hard fate, and thus by much sacrifice have transmitted to their posterity the valuable and necessary instinct to delay their migration to the north perhaps weeks later than the date at which others of the same species will have begun their nesting here. The robin is one of the earliest nesters in this country; yet, on the passage north, we find some of his kind, whose nesting-places are near the Arctic zone, sometimes making their coast-wise journey as late as the latter end of May.

We are apt to think of these instinctive habits as fixed so deeply in the species as to be unalterable, but there are several striking instances to the contrary. The woodcock's is a well-known case in point. It may be noted that there were some very early woodcock immigrants reported and shot this winter. But the point in which this bird has shown a new departure from the formed habit of its kind is in the numbers which now nest with us. A nesting woodcock in these islands was a curiosity a quarter of a century ago. Multitudes are nesting with us now. A change of habit which leads birds not to new nesting haunts but to new feeding-grounds is less remarkable perhaps, and certainly is apt to be less satisfactory to the farmer. For a dozen years or more we have been visited every winter by immense legions of wood-pigeons coming from Continental Europe to feast on our acorns and beech-mast. Our acorn crop of this season is wonderful, both in the quantity of the fruit of the oak and in the size of the individual acorns, so the pigeons may find fat feeding. They are not of that weak-winged kind, like the wrens and finches, that will seek rest on passing ships in their over-sea flight, but it is certain that they must have suffered a fearful perturbation this year in some of their Continental homes.

Ornithologists who knew South Africa before the last Boer War, and have been able to continue their ob-

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servations since, tell us that it is only now, after all these years, that the birds in that country are beginning to take possession of their old haunts in their former numbers. That, to be sure, was a far more long-drawn-out strife than even the most convinced pessimist thinks it possible for the fearful struggle to be which is now convulsing almost the whole of Europe and much of the world besides; but in the terror and perpetual firing and smoke cloud and din of war the present struggle far exceeds that other, and the harrying of the birds in the vast areas over which it extends must be in proportion the more severe. A temporary disturbance and change of haunts among certain species we are tolerably sure to see. As I write, the autumnal migration is still in tolerably full stream, and with people's thoughts mainly occupied in one great event of war we arrive at no conclusions as to the kind or extent of these derangements. That they will be considerable, we cannot doubt. They will be interesting to watch, in course of their accomplishment, and when all this terrible clew of war is definitely wound up it will be of farther interest to see whether the changes which it produces in avian distribution are likely to be permanent, or whether, after the turmoil is over, the birds will quickly return to their old homes and habits and resume, according to the ancient traditions and along the wonted routes, the goings to and fro in spring and autumn.

*Horace Hutchinson.*

## BY THE POWER OF WATER.

*(Concluded.)*

When the crowd had melted away, Ann walked swiftly to the Dowager's residence, a steep-gabled house, its many windows flush with the outer walls, that stood in Peter Street, hard

by St. Patrick's Close. The news had travelled before her, and Ann found the elder woman flung down upon the floor in utter abandonment of misery. Her towering, powdered head-dress

was awry, her brocade gown tossed and crumpled, and the tears had worn channels down her face, where the black that had been on eyelashes and eyebrows smudged the carmine of her cheeks; yet Ann's heart went out to her in all this disarray as it had never done in her painted and bewigged splendor.

"They will kill my boy, my beautiful boy, who was a king amongst them all, for the sake of a common groom," wailed her ladyship. "What if he did run Lally Murphy through? Was he not born and reared at Santry, and his father and his grandfather before him? Did they not owe us the food they ate and the clothes they had on their backs?" She turned fiercely upon Ann, standing silent before her. "It is all your doing, girl, with your mewling, canting ways, keeping up Harry like a bread-and-butter miss. Had you left him where he should have been, with his own fellows, young men of spirit like himself, this had not chanced. What wonder he should break out and forget himself when he had got away from your apron-strings."

"Harry shall not die," said Ann. The lines of her face were hard and drawn, and there was a keen glitter in her eyes.

In an instant the Dowager's mood had changed, and she was grovelling at Ann's feet. "Yes, you can save him; you have looks, and that is all the men care for," she cried. "Go to the Lord-Lieutenant, throw yourself before him, cling to the skirts of his coat. He has an eye for a pretty woman, and he will grant you what you will to win a smile from you. God help us poor women when our bit of beauty is gone. The day was when I had all Dublin at my feet, and now, what am I?—a hag, an old harridan! Pah, the old creature, who cares for her or her son; drive her out of that!

Oh, Ann, save my boy, and I will love you as no mother ever loved a daughter yet."

Ann turned to Sir Thomas, standing by, sad and pained. "Come with me," she said. "You and I are going to save Harry."

Sir Thomas's coach was at the door, and before she mounted into it Ann gave orders to the servants to drive out to Templeogue, Sir Thomas's seat upon the slope of the Dublin mountains.

"You are forgetting, dear," said Sir Thomas gently, thinking she was overwrought by all she had gone through that day. "We are going to the Castle to plead for Harry's life."

But Ann threw her head back haughtily. "We will not plead to any one; they shall come out and plead to us."

Sir Thomas said no more. Perhaps he had not had much hope of that interview with his Grace of Devonshire, nor much desire to see his nephew's wife abase herself in vain. Ann's next words, when they had left the city behind and in the gathering darkness were beginning the long ascent towards the mountains, convinced him that her wits were straying.

"You were the first, Sir Thomas, to bid Harry and me welcome after our home-coming. Do you remember the summer's day we spent at Templeogue, just a year ago? You set all the fountains and jets upon the lawn playing by a turn of your hand, and you told us that the stream that supplied your whirligigs ran on to bring water to all Dublin."

"Surely, dear, surely," said Sir Thomas, speaking soothingly as to a sick and irrational child.

"Then with that water," answered Ann, "we hold the price of Harry's life."

And Sir Thomas, comprehending at last, smote his hand upon his thigh



and vowed, "The parson's lass has more wit in her little finger than all the rest of us in our wooden pates."

Four hundred years before the civic fathers of Dublin, with a wisdom far beyond their day, had dug a three-mile-long channel from the city to the little river Dodder, hurrying down from the mountains to gain the sea at the Liffey's mouth, and with it form the wide black pool whence Dublin takes its name. Ever since the water, flowing down by force of gravity, had filled the pipes and cisterns of Dublin and saved all need for pumps or wells. No treasure was prized more highly by the citizens than that abundance of pure water running through their midst and free to all, though no man might bring it into his dwelling through a pipe thicker than a goose's quill.

The moon was rising when they reached Templeogue, and it silvered the stream that flowed, rapid and clear, athwart Sir Thomas's lawn in its straight-cut lead. Ann spoke imperiously as she alighted from the coach. "Send out and gather your men, and set them to work. There must not be a drop in that water-course at daybreak 'to-morrow."

Sir Thomas's people—grooms, gardeners, keepers,—summoned in all haste and learning what was at stake, worked with a will the night through. Harry had grown up amongst them, and they loved him with all his faults. There had been long weeks of drought beforehand, and the Dodder was shrunk to a slender stream, every drop of which was carefully drawn into the city channel, leaving the river-bed rocky and bare. Now, however, the busy hands toiled to dam the channel: great stones and boulders were brought from the hillside and built into a rampart, earth and sods were piled against it, and before the sun rose the work was complete; the an-

cient channel was empty, and the water was tumbling merrily down the river-bed as if rejoiced to find itself free again to run as it pleased.

The result was not long to wait for. Before a couple of hours had passed an emissary was seen pressing his sorry steed up-hill at the poor beast's utmost pace. Ann had sat out of doors all night watching the little force at its labor; but now Sir Thomas bade her go within, for what was to come was not woman's work. He himself went down, stern and resolute, to the gate, his posse of servitors drawn up behind him, armed—some with rusty swords that they had furbished up, but for the most part with spades and flails and broom-handles, and whatever else they had been able to lay hands on, but offering promise of stubborn resistance to any that might come against them.

"There is somethin' sayrious wrong with the wather, Sir Thomas," the official called out from a distance. "There's not wan drop in the whoule of Dublin, an' the people is out wild in the streets, fit to ait the faces off the Lord Mayor an' Corporation, if they could get a hould of them."

"Let them do so if they please," returned Sir Thomas coolly, "for the water is in the river-bed, and it will stay there till I give leave." The official had reached the gate by this time, and he fairly gasped with dismay, seeing the guard drawn up there and the earthen embankment blocking the channel.

"But the whoule town wud die, wantin' the wather," he expostulated indignantly.

"Let them drink the Liffey," retorted Sir Thomas, "a fine, full-bodied liquor, thick as October ale they will find it, meat and drink both. I passed through Fishamble Street a day or two ago, and the offal was lying under the fishwives' stalls waiting for the

rain to swill it down into the river. I had to hold my nose, but what of that? 'Twill give a spicly flavor to the water. Then there are the curriers in Skinners' Row and the slaughter-houses on Ormond Quay, adding their share. Let Dublin drink that and be d—d; but as for you, sirrah," and Sir Thomas swore a whole string of terrific oaths, "go you back to those who sent you and tell them that these lands are mine, and while my nephew, Lord Santry, lies in Newgate, not one drop of water passes through them, and if he dies no drop of that water ever goes down a Dublin throat again."

Three days passed, three hot, breathless days, such as May can sometimes bring. The gold of the gorse on the hillsides at Templeogue was dazzling in the sunlight, and the larks poured out their hearts in floods of ecstasy. From thence the whole expanse of Dublin Bay could be seen, lying blue and unruffled, guarded by the long projection of the Hill of Howth, with the town clustered midway in its circumference. The sun was beating down there too upon the roofs and into the narrow streets and lanes that sweltered in the heat, and where the stench grew ever more unbearable. Men were busily employed drawing up muddy water out of the Liffey and hawking it from door to door, and children and dogs fought in the streets for the foul spillings from those buckets. Meanwhile messenger after messenger toiled out to Templeogue, offering terms, endeavoring to treat. Lord Santry should be recommended to His Majesty's clemency, the sentence should be reduced to imprisonment, but for the Lord Lieutenant to grant a pardon to any man, peer or commoner, who had been convicted of murder by legal process was impossible, it was out of all question—*ultra vires*.

"It may be *ultra* King, Lords, and

Commons," swore Sir Thomas, "but till my nephew goes free Dublin goes without water."

As for Ann, she lay in her own chamber through those days, face downward on her bed, whispering to herself, "It is for Harry's life!" She knew that in Dublin down below the babies were wailing for water, and the sick moaning in vain for a drop to moisten their parched lips, and she could only pray that those in power would yield, and yield quickly, for now the scheme which she had devised was gone beyond her own control, and even if she would have given way, she knew that Sir Thomas would not.

At last, towards evening on the third day, when a frenzied mob were gathered outside the gates of Dublin Castle, howling for water and threatening to tear down Newgate and let every prisoner within it loose if the young lord, who was the cause of all the trouble, were not given up, a mounted pursuivant rode out to Templeogue. He bore a free pardon for Lord Santry, with the Lord-Lieutenant's sign-manual upon it, and Sir Thomas went in to Ann waving it in triumph above his head.

"You have won your husband's life," he cried. "I have ordered out the coach, and it is you who shall go down to bring him the news." But not even to bring Harry his release would Ann stir till she had seen with her own eyes the barrier that dammed the stream broken down, and the water flowing swiftly down to the thirsting multitudes below. Only then did she take the coach that waited and drive down into the city. Hawkins, the jailer, looked his surliest at her. He had hoped to make large monies out of the young lord, the only titled prisoner who had ever passed into his hands. So many guineas a night for the use of his room, so many more for the bed-linen, and for the food and

wine with which his lordship would have been supplied, and he chinked her purse which she gave him discontentedly in his hand. Yet even he dared not withstand the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant, and with an ill grace he led the way to Lord Santry's room, and bade one of his underlings strike off his irons. Harry let it be done, seeming half dazed, as if he scarce comprehended what it all meant. It was only when they had been left alone together, and Ann, kneeling by his side, had poured out all her story, that he stood up, and stretching out both his hands to her, cried, "Take me away, Ann, whither you will, so that I never see a face again that I have known." Sir Thomas's coach was without, pacing up and down, whilst it waited to take them back to Templeogue. Harry and Ann, standing just within the archway of the prison gate, waited till it had passed and the servants had their backs to them, then hand in hand they flitted hurriedly across the broad space before the jail, and plunging into the network of noisome lanes beyond, they gained the river-side. A

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ship for Bristol was lying at the quay, her lading all but complete, ready to sail with the next tide. The skipper, who took the pair for runaway lovers, agreed willingly for a ring from Ann's finger to give them passage across, and by the morning's light they were far out in mid-channel, with the Irish coast fading from view.

They spent three quiet years together in a village upon the Devon coast, passing as plain Mr. and Mrs. Barry, but Harry never held his head up again. The spring of his life was broken within him at twenty-seven, and slowly but surely, without seeming illness, he faded away. "It is Lally who has hold of me, he is drawing me to him," he said, when Ann brought doctor after doctor to see him, and they knitted their brows and pursed their lips, and spoke learnedly of want of vitality and strengthening remedies. At the last, as he was lying on his couch in the westerling light of the sunset, he suddenly cried, "I did not mean it, Lally, you and I knew that," and so went his way.

*J. M. Calhoun.*

## THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

The sudden rise in the cost of living has surprised and disconcerted our people. All the weekly bills are increasing slowly but steadily, more especially the bill for meat, bread and groceries; and the extra halfpennies on butter, jam, sugar, matches, even on firewood, come to a considerable total at the end of the week. Fish is cut off by the economical, coal costs more than during the coal strike, and the gas companies are warning customers that their prices may shortly be raised in consequence. At first glance one sees no reason for this in-

crease, which was expected but did not occur when war broke out in August, and was not expected but has occurred now that war has become the normal condition of life.

The British Navy controls the seas, and supplies can reach us from all the world except enemy countries, whose sole food export to Britain was sugar; and it is no consolation to us to discover that, despite our Navy safeguarding our supplies and excluding theirs, Germany is at this moment suffering less from increased cost of food than ourselves. Raw materials for

industry may be dear in Germany and the cost of war material excessive; but the price of food has scarcely increased at all, save in a few exceptional commodities, and the "Kriegsbrot" adulterated with potato-flour and the continual appeal to housewives for economy are clearly no more than precautionary measures against possible future shortage. Nothing is gained by disputing these unpleasant facts, which are a direct side-issue of the war; but something may be gained from analyzing their causes.

Our difficulties in this respect are clearly due to lack of foresight, and the German lack of difficulties is due to organization—the organizing of the Empire on the assumption that it will have to feed itself in war. The ideal of a self-supporting people has been nearly achieved in Germany as regards the food of the nation; in manufactures, of course, the case is necessarily widely different, but as it was reckoned that exports would practically cease automatically in time of war, the import of raw materials became of little importance. In coffee and cocoa Germany is well stocked; tea she will no doubt import as she requires it, now that the British Government has for some reason removed the embargo on its export; in the staples of life, grain, meat, potatoes, Germany produces nearly 90 per cent of her requirements. A shortage of 10 per cent is not famine, particularly when a certain number of her troops live on the enemy's country—a calculation taken into consideration, no doubt, before the war. The reason for this self-sufficiency is undoubted—the German policy of protection for agriculture. It has been unpopular in industrial districts in peace time, but its justification in a nation contemplating war is that it makes the country self-sufficient in war time. Great Britain

is in quite another case. We have come to rely more and more on free imports as our population increased. The safety of this course has been enquired into by various commissions on the question of food supply in war time, and these bodies have always rested on the assumption that so long as the British Navy controlled the sea our supplies would be safe. The assumption was sound, for supplies are coming in, but unfortunately this vital consideration has proved not the only consideration.

The sea-routes are safe, despite the terrific threats of German admirals to torpedo our mercantile marine; but we are short of ships, men, railway facilities, and we have run short of stocks in hand. Our competitor is swept from the seas, and our mercantile marine has a practical monopoly of ocean carriage; but a considerable part of the British mercantile fleet is engaged on Admiralty service, and the remainder cannot do all the work demanded of it. Besides the regular demand for food supplies, it has to deal with the exceptional demand for war material, which naturally and properly has precedence; it takes longer to unload cargoes at the docks, owing to the unprecedented congestion, some ports being closed by the war and others overcrowded; when the cargo is unloaded it takes longer to bring to market, the railways being short of men and overcrowded with traffic. The congested port of London, with ships waiting their turn for hours and even days to discharge, is a far more cheerful sight than the silent quays of Hamburg and the deserted wharves of Bremen; but the congestion means delay, delay means higher freights for ships, and both together mean higher prices.

Nor are these the only causes. Russian exports from the Black Sea are stopped by the entry of Turkey into

the war. There is more than a suspicion that speculation in Chicago has forced up the price of American wheat. Considerable shipments from the south were held up by the "Emden" and Admiral von Spee's squadron, and are now only due to arrive. This delay caused a deficiency in supplies, put up prices, and disorganized shipping arrangements. And in addition the harvests in some parts of the world have been considerably below the normal, so that cereals would in any event have risen, the tendency to upward prices being naturally aggravated by war.

Part of this inconvenience, no doubt, is temporary. The shortage in ships will be remedied, the German vessels seized on the high seas are being added to the British mercantile marine, and high freights in any case always result in more ships being built, just as the high price which wheat is fetching to-day—far higher than the minimum guarantee asked for by the farmers in August and refused by the Government with unfortunate results for the autumn sowings—will turn considerable areas of poorer pasture into arable.

Then there is the shortage of men to consider. It has incidentally tended to send wages up in some favored industries, and so minimized the inconveniences which the working-classes suffer from higher prices—indeed, it is probably the clerk with small fixed income and little margin who feels the pinch the most at the moment. The shortage, too, appears to be aggravated by the habits of some of the dock-laborers, who refuse to work full time, and are doing their country no good service by their slackness; but the railways are genuinely handicapped by the numbers of men who have joined the colors, and they cannot easily recruit labor from their usual source of supply, the country districts, because

here, too, there is a shortage of younger men for farming.

A careful analysis of the several causes of the increased cost of living hardly goes to show that it will increase beyond a certain ratio; if it did, the prospects might be serious. On the contrary, there is some hope that prices may fall slightly, although not to the pre-war level. The first quarter of the year is always the time when prices go up, owing to the world steadily drawing on its stocks; in this direction war has merely accentuated the conditions of peace, but the laws of supply and demand are still at work, and although we cannot expect to get supplies from either belligerents or neutrals in Europe in the same quantity or at the same price as some months back, we may confidently rely on attracting larger stocks from extra-European countries.

There has been a cry in some quarters for Government interference in this matter. The short answer to that demand is that if the Government could produce the food it would be bound to intervene; as it cannot improvise bacon or beef, its intervention would do more harm than good—unless it is convinced on good evidence that there has been hoarding of food-stuffs or a deliberate attempt to force up the price, a matter which the Government is better able to judge than anybody not connected with the provision trades. An attempt to impose a maximum rate of freights for ships, which has been somewhat loudly bruited about as a remedy by Socialists and others, would depress the ship-building trade, now working overtime to reduce the deficiency in ships, and it would result in many ship-owners transferring their vessels to neutral flags in order that dividends paid to British shareholders and wages paid to British seamen should be maintained at their existing level. It



is the unforeseen dislocation caused by the war that has forced up freights, rather than the overdose of avarice so freely attributed to ship-owners by their critics; the sudden demand for vessels from every port of the world has done more in a month to increase prices than the closest shipping ring would have achieved in ten years. It is an unpalatable fact, but we must face it, recognizing that the rise of prices

*The Saturday Review.*

which took us unawares was as inevitable in the circumstances as it was unforeseen, that the circumstances themselves are not permanent, and therefore that prices will be likely to fall after a few weeks; and that in any event they are far lower and supplies far more adequate to our needs than in the Napoleonic wars. We are amazed at the high prices of to-day; in 1815 they would have been thought incredibly low.

### THE RUIN OF EUROPE?

We have reached the middle period of the war, and it is time for our people to take stock of its present emergencies and of the problems which lie before them. And we must think of them in terms of reality. The first heat of enthusiasm is over. We are conscious of the grand *malaise* which attends a prolonged and desperate war, from which the brilliancy of Napoleonic strategy, and the consequent power of attaining definite and rapidly evolved issues, are absent. Each of the contesting nations feels this sickening of the heart in greater or smaller degree as its social conscience, its civilized purposes, are more or less developed, or in proportion to the stress of its internal problems. The armies are not unaffected by this process. The imminent contact of death—arrayed in horrors peculiar to a contest in which science wears the garb of the arch-destroyer of man—wears away the animosities and ardors of statesmen or civilians, and revives, in the very pit of destruction, the deep instinctive feeling for the unity of man. "What are we fighting for?" asks the soldier, reminded, by some act of chivalry of his foes or by the relaxation of a truce, of the brotherliness of our normal society. The

philanthropist is not less moved to protest. "To what end," he asks, "is this incalculable waste of life and treasure, this frustration of social hope and effort?" The economist has perhaps the strongest objection of all. "Europe," he complains, "is half in ruins already; you will proceed to her total destruction, for force engenders more force, waste more waste, until the very principle of commercial life, the means of human sustenance, will be exhausted." In the tremendous simile with which Zola closes his survey of the France of the Third Napoleon, he describes a railway train, full of drunken soldiers, from which the driver and the stoker have fallen, locked in a death struggle. The train rushes on unguided, tearing past signals and points and towns, acquiring an increasing recklessness of speed as it flashes along before the eyes of the distracted officials and bystanders. Thus France headed for the war of 1870. Thus Europe plunged into the war of 1914, and cannot escape its entanglement.

Why, then, does not the war stop, in deference to these notes of warning and repulsion? Let us remark, to begin with, that though we imagine them to be universal, they are proba-

bly heard with less insistence in Germany than among the other belligerents. The country which calls itself intellectual seems the least pervious to the claims of reason. She delights to exacerbate the contest, either with adventures of senseless murder, like the air descent on King's Lynn and Sheringham, or with horrible devastation, as in Belgium, or with projects of universal disturbance from Jerusalem to Antwerp. Above all, she revives and cultivates deliberately, both as a philosophy and as a national incentive to war, the Prussian theory of a single mould of civilization, to be imposed by force on a world already tenanted by many rivals. There is no present sign of defeat for this proud obstinacy of soul. So long as the mood obtains, none of the crimes that have been done in its name are repented of, or can be undone by moral means. And they are of the most pernicious character. Thus the overrunning of Belgium destroys the principle of the guarantee of the life of small peoples by the great, while, incidentally, the occupation of Antwerp threatens Holland with the loss of independence which has befallen her neighbor. What kind of a State system can arise from such a defacement of its physical and moral boundaries? Europe is lost if, after less than half a century of pitiless development, a military autocracy can thus stretch out its hand from the centre to the sea, and make Anglo-Saxon and Slav and Latin feel its weight.

A firm issue, therefore, must be found. But it seems to us important, and indeed vital, for the Allies to define their aims, so that the world of neutrals, as well as their own subjects, may understand what they are. A Conference of the combined nations has been proposed, and such an instrument is even less important for the waging of the war than for the estab-

lishment of peace. For there should be just as clear an opposition between our peace ideals and Germany's as between her conduct of the war and ours. Not, of course, that each of the Allies has precisely the same objects, or desires them with the same strength. Thus we are primarily interested in saving Belgium, France in restoring Alsace-Lorraine, Russia in regaining her lost influence in the Near East and in Constantinople, Japan in ending the perilous German invasion of the Far East. But all resist an effort at world-domination. All must approach the Council-table, if they are victorious, with the consciousness that they have overcome a reactionary Power, and that they are bound to set up a Europe in which the principles of national freedom and security hold sway, and "scraps of paper" again become valid bonds. All, we may say, are willing, as we are anxious, to mend and strengthen the broken tables of international law and custom. All are prepared to settle, we hope on a general definite principle, the worst grievances of nationality, and to secure them may instinctively have recourse to such expedients as the plébiscite and the collective protection of small and threatened States. All must desire a saner and juster grouping of small units joined to a milder, more acceptable, sway of the central Power. All must seek to mitigate the coming economic shock by easing the pressure of armaments. In other words, all seek an escape from the ruin which impends on all if the German idea of force permeates our State system, or if an indecisive contest reproduces the cruel anarchy of seventeenth-century Europe. And none, we think, desire to add to the military overthrow of this idea a fresh breach in national rights. If Germany is beaten, she must surrender ill-gotten gains. But even Russia is not the kind of Power

to tear German soil from German hands.

If these be the principles of the Alliance, they may well be declared to the world before the spring campaign is opened. In fact, they must be so set forth if, for example, the Allies are to win the full help and sympathy of America. This is the factor which is now in abeyance. We have never thought of America merely as an arbitral nation. That rôle is impossible. One party or another would object to giving over the power of settlement to a nation, however powerful and benevolent, which had made no material sacrifices. And America, be the correctness of her attitude what it may, cannot be morally impartial. This is no light quarrel; two rival ideas struggle for the mastery of civilization. Which does America choose? Military force or civilized law? A Germanized Belgium and Holland, or a policy of restitution and settlement? She has no concern? Why then did she sign the Hague Conventions? She has her interests. She chances to be the chief champion of neutral sea-trade in time of war—a not unimportant function. That brings her into temporary maritime collision with Britain. But if, in the course of that struggle, she cripples or seriously impedes our power of reducing Germany's resistance, she forwards that solution of the conflict with which her

*The Nation.*

institutions and her spiritual force are most in conflict. She may adduce reasons for her action, to which imprudence or over-zeal on the part of our Government or its officials and sailors may lend strong color. It will, none the less, be an intervention on Germany's behalf, for a cause which America fears and detests. Neutral she may indeed remain for a time in the sense of a nice balance of language and attitudes as between the warring Powers. But this will yield her no ultimate authority. She can propose no treaty which she declines to countersign. The Portsmouth Treaty was one thing; the settlement of conflicting notions of government for the Western and Eastern worlds, which must react on herself, is quite another, and she will have to decide where she will eventually come down with the full weight of her material and moral strength. There is a powerful case for the policy of isolation to which the earlier wisdom of her statesmanship fixed her, as it has more than once fixed Great Britain. But needs outgrow the maxims of an hour, and the time is approaching when she must either surrender herself to be the Thoreau of nations, fixed in her seclusion on the Atlantic, or come into the world of older nations, and seek with them and for them relief from a fatal malady of civilization.

## RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.\*

Dostoevsky is now eagerly read in English, and the collection of seventy-seven letters from him which Miss

\* "Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to his Family and Friends." Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)  
"Crime and Punishment." A Novel in Six Parts and an Epilogue. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.)  
"Sanine." By Michael Artzibashev. Translated

Mayne has translated is welcome, for it throws much light on the character of a remarkable man. The first of

by Percy Pinkerton, with Preface by Gilbert Cannan. (Martin Secker, 6s.)

"Stories of Russian Life." By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by Marian Fell. (Duckworth & Co., 6s.)

"The Black Monk, and Other Stories." By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by R. E. C. Long. New Edition. (Same publishers, 2s. 6d. net.)

them, written to his father when Dostoevsky was 17, is a pitiful appeal for money. He was then a pupil at the College of Engineering, and in urgent need of at least 5*l.* to procure absolutely necessary things which he lacked. A few months after that, a letter he had written to his brother was delayed because he could not afford the postage stamp.

A little later he was writing to the same brother that

"the thought that through one's inspiration there will one day lift itself from the dust to heaven's heights some noble, beautiful human soul: the thought that those lines over which one has wept are consecrated as by a heavenly light through one's inspiration, and that over them the coming generations will weep in echo . . . that thought, I am convinced, has come to many a poet at the very moment of his highest creative rapture."

When leaving the army at 23 he writes:

"I haven't even the money to buy civilian clothes. If I don't receive money at once I am lost. They will put me in prison—that is certain."

At 24 he reached the first rank of Russian writers at a single bound, and was, for once, able to write, "I cannot complain of poverty." He adds the information that

"all the Minnas, Claras, Mariannas, &c., have got amazingly pretty, but cost a lot of money! Turgenev and Belinsky lately gave me a talking to about my disorderly way of life."

A few months later he was again in debt, the brilliant success of his first book having been followed by the comparative failure of the next. Then came his imprisonment in a fortress, and his exile to years of hard labor in Siberia.

At 38 he was allowed to return to European Russia, and spent most of the following ten years abroad to avoid his creditors. At Baden-Baden

he lost at roulette what little money he had, and both he and his wife had to pawn their clothes. But despite his poverty, misery, and ill-health ("I with my hemorrhoids and epilepsy") there burnt within him the fire of a great artist, and, with whatever alloy, the faith of a saint and a patriot, who believed in

"the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not. . . . In that lies the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilization."

He died at the age of 60, having attained recognition, honor, and an immense popularity, at the close of a life of intense suffering.

The transliteration which Miss Mayne has adopted in this book is most perplexing. In the standard system promulgated by the Liverpool School of Russian Studies *ch* represents the sound *tch*, but Miss Mayne uses it to represent *zh*, *kh*, *h*, and *sh*; and finally, in the name "Tchuchev" (p. 228), she throws in an extra *ch* quite gratuitously, as though she had not given us enough of them before. This is unfair to readers, who at the best often find Russian names sufficiently perplexing.

Though "Crime and Punishment" has been translated before, Mr. Heinemann is rendering a very real service by publishing a good version of it at a reasonable price, and in a volume which forms part of an excellent series, but can be obtained separately. When the edition was first planned, the publisher can hardly have foreseen the importance, political as well as literary, that now attaches to all books that enable us better to appreciate our Allies.

During the last three-quarters of a century Russia's culture, as manifested in the sphere of novels and short stories, has far surpassed that

of Germany, and has not been outdone—if, indeed, it has been equalled—by that of any other country.

"Crime and Punishment" is perhaps the most noticeable work of Dostoevsky, who holds an undisputed position as one of the three greatest Russian novelists, and in his own special line of psychological analysis is supreme. His work is all the more astonishing when one remembers the details that we have already mentioned briefly, his years of exile in Siberia cut off from books and paper, his poverty, his wretched health, and his sufferings from epileptic fits. No wonder his books are unequal, rising sometimes to sublime heights, and sinking sometimes almost to incoherence.

Tolstoy once remarked that Turgenyev was a trustworthy horse, sure to bring you to your journey's end; but that Dostoevsky, though a fine and spirited steed, was restive, and apt to land you in the ditch. By virtue of this trustworthy quality rather than any artistic superiority, Turgenyev's work was destined in Tolstoy's view to outlive that of his more erratic rival.

Soon after Dostoevsky's death in 1881, when the admiration and affection for him in Russia had reached an almost religious fervor, Tolstoy blamed "the elevation into a prophet and saint of a man who died in the midst of a most ardent inward struggle between good and evil," and added: "He is touching and interesting, but one cannot set on a pedestal for the edification of posterity a man who was all struggle." Something similar might well be said of Tolstoy himself, and, despite their wide difference in character, temperament, and circumstances, there is much that is alike and that is peculiarly Russian in both writers.

"Crime and Punishment," written in 1866, belongs to Dostoevsky's middle period. Nietzsche acknowledged how

much he owed to Dostoevsky, and it was probably to "Crime and Punishment" most of all that the German philosopher was indebted. The conclusions at which Nietzsche and Dostoevsky arrived were, however, diametrically opposed, for, whereas the German scornfully rejected Christianity and all its ways, no novelist is more profoundly Christian than Dostoevsky, and no writer was ever more profoundly swayed by compassion for the humble and oppressed.

"Crime and Punishment" is less open to the reproach of inequality than most of Dostoevsky's works. The subject, that of an educated and sensitive man committing murder after persuading himself that the deed would redound to the greatest good of the greatest number, suited his style admirably. The portrayal of character is wonderful, and the interest of the book is almost too poignantly intense. Had Dostoevsky never written anything else, his place among the greatest masters of fiction would be secure.

The Russian censor is mainly concerned with political opinions, and rarely troubles himself about what is in England specifically called "morality." There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and the publication of Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata" was forbidden until, at the request of the Countess Tolstoy, the Emperor himself allowed its publication. More recently, the sale of Artsibashev's novel "Sanin," after it had gained immense notoriety, was stopped on account of the harm it was alleged to be doing to morality; and the appearance of the book in English, translated by Mr. Percy Pinkerton with a Preface by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, is an indication that publishers and the public in this country are now ready to tolerate much that a few years ago would have been considered impossible.

Both the "Kreutzer Sonata" and



"Sanin" deal very frankly with questions of sex, and, to a certain extent, Artsibashev's book is a reply to Tolstoy's views. Both writers dwell on the pain occasioned by sex, and score when they point out how great, and how often unnecessary, is the suffering humanity endures on this account; but they differ as to the remedy. Tolstoy sees it in the elimination of desire; Artsibashev in such an alteration of public opinion as would give free play to the natural instincts.

Neither writer's panacea seems to meet all the needs of the case. It is questionable whether Tolstoy's remedy (were it possible to secure its universal adoption) would promote the health, happiness, and efficiency of this generation; while it certainly makes no provision for the next.

Artsibashev's remedy would remove the oppression which has driven many women to despair who might have lived to play a useful part in life; but, in a very complex and difficult matter which calls for a clear vision of the duty of society to the individual, and of the individual to society, he leaves us to go as we please without any guidance at all.

"Sanin" appeared in 1900, during the aftermath of the revolutionary upheavals which followed the Japanese War, and it reflects the mood of that moment. Three of the characters in the book commit suicide; the hero, Sanin, drinks vodka continually (though, curiously enough, neither his health nor his comeliness appears to suffer); the political discussions and gatherings described are extraordinarily futile and impotent; but above all stands out a fierce demand for the right to live and enjoy oneself unhampered by any opinions or restraints.

The book is not likely to produce the sensation in England that it did

in Russia, but, if translated at all, it deserved to be translated properly, and this has not been done. The English version contains many mistakes, and towards the end it becomes increasingly careless. Thirteen lines are omitted from the end of chap. xxxiii.; and on the last page of the book, where, in the original, Sanin, passing through a crowded railway carriage, "saw many people almost leaning against one another," the translation has it that "as he passed through the corridor-carriages he saw crowds of passengers lying prostrate across one another," which is hardly the way travellers usually behave, even on a Russian railway.

The transliteration of names is far from satisfactory. Neither the Russian language nor the standard (Liverpool University) scheme of transliteration contains the letter *j*; yet in this book we get such arrangements of letters as *aïje* to perplex the reader. As the new scheme of transliteration was only recently promulgated—and, though already approved by many competent authorities, cannot yet claim to have been universally adopted—the spelling "Artzibashev" for Artsibashev may be allowed to pass without protest; but the *e* added to the name of the book and its hero is objectionable; as also is the spelling of Tolstoy with an *i*, in despite both of that author's autograph and of the scheme just mentioned, which is now being more and more generally adopted.

The new selection of short stories from Tchekhoff made by Miss Marian Fell has a great deal to recommend it. In the first two volumes to be translated the more melancholy of his tales were over-represented, in our opinion, and English readers had no more than a passing glimpse of the lighter work of a writer with great gifts of humor. In "Stories of Russian Life" all Tchekhoff's moods are illus-

trated, and every one of the twenty-four tales is thoroughly characteristic of its author. The humor is distinctly of that Russian brand which delights in describing a victim desperately struggling to emerge from a trap. Perhaps the best example supplied by this volume is "The Death of an Official." This relates the efforts of one official to apologize to a superior for an unintentional slight. His endeavors are thwarted by the imperturbability of the other, and he dies of what William James might have called "balked disposition." "The Man in a Case" is another sketch of the same type. Its subject is in a sufficiently ludicrous cobweb of his own making; he endeavors to extricate himself in order to get married, but fails utterly.

On the other hand, the book contains a few good specimens of the more philosophic type of Tchekhoff

*The Athenæum.*

story. "The Head Gardener's Tale" is, in its kindly and introspective character, the most unmistakably Russian thing in the volume. There are also a few excellent little studies of children, drawn with sympathy and humor, and without mawkishness. We wish that the translator had supplied explanatory footnotes, as many readers will be puzzled by the references to "Shedrin" (*sic*), the "Starover" sect, and even by the ubiquitous "vint."

"The Black Monk," &c., was originally published in England in 1903, and is now issued in a cheaper edition. We have complained of the lack of uniformity in the transliteration of Russian names: here we find the same author's name spelt differently on the title-pages of two books published almost simultaneously by one firm. Nor is it usual to find the same story included in two volumes issued under these conditions.

## THE INVASION.

Between Mortimer and us yawns a great gulf, bridged by many flights of stairs. Even on the illuminated board at the foot of the lowest stairs we still keep our distance, but with this difference, that while Mortimer's position in the world is higher than mine, on the board I stand above him by as many names as there are stairs between us.

Mortimer first floated into my orbit one day when we both met in the porter's lodge to complain about the dustbin. Even after this I should have gone contentedly down to my grave with no further knowledge of the man than that he had a wife and four children. I knew that because I heard him tell the porter so.

One evening after dinner—it seems now many moons ago—Clara, our

lady-help, threw open the drawing-room door and in startled tones announced Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. Prompt to the word of command in they marched, followed by the four youthful Mortimers. Each of these latter clutched a sponge-bag and an elusive bundle of flannel, and in the background loomed the Mortimer maid-of-all-work.

Mortimer began to talk immediately and said that of course we had seen the War Office order that on the first sound of guns all Londoners were to make for the cellars. Mrs. Mortimer was certain she had heard firing and that the Zeppelin raid had begun, so, like good citizens, the family had hastened to comply with the regulations.

"We shan't put you to any incon-

venience," said Mortimer volubly. "The children can curl up in the spare room and my wife and I will do with a shake-down in the passage. In time of war one must be prepared for discomfort. Think of the poor fellows in the trenches."

Here Mrs. Mortimer murmured something inarticulate.

"Oh, yes, of course," Mortimer assented, "Emma must be made comfortable."

All this time my wife and I had not been able to say a word, Mortimer's plausibility and the spectacle of the four little Mortimers and their sponge-bags having robbed us of speech and thought. Jane was the first to find her voice, and managed to gasp out that we had heard no guns.

"You wouldn't, of course, in the—er—down here," said Mortimer. I was glad to notice him hesitate this time over the word "cellar" as applied to our artistic home.

"I know exactly what you are thinking," he went on kindly; "it is embarrassing to discuss household arrangements in public," and with a flourish of his arm, he marshalled his family and swept them out of the room, carefully shutting the door behind him.

Jane and I gazed awestruck at each other.

"We can't turn them away," said my wife. "Those five pairs of eyes would haunt me all night (Mortimer's and Emma's were, I presume, the ones omitted), and if the Zeppelins *did* come to-night how awful we should feel."

"We must be firm about it being only for to-night, then," I said. "We must consider Kate." (Kate is our cat.)

So it was arranged that we should give up our room and that Emma should share with Clara. I found the Mortimer family sitting in a crowded

row on the antique bench in the hall, like players at dumb-crambo waiting for the word. Briefly I told them it was "stay." They all jumped up; Mortimer shook me cordially by the hand, and I believe Mrs. Mortimer kissed my wife.

True to the compact the refugees departed next morning, and we saw the last little Mortimer disappear upwards with unmixed relief. They were all back again, however, the following evening, this time encumbered with more articles towards "camping out." The expression was Mortimer's, not mine.

On the fourth evening Mortimer took me aside and told me confidentially that he could see this state of things was telling on us as much as on them, and that he thought the best plan would be for our two households to "chum together" while the Zeppelin menace lasted. (What fool said the war was going to last three years?) Never waiting for a reply, Mortimer went on to say that it really would not be so much trouble as it seemed at the first shock. He and I would be out all day, which would even up the numbers, and Emma would, of course, help. I much resented being estimated as equal to three-and-a-half Mortimers and had no delusions about Emma's helpfulness, but Mortimer's volubility had its usual stupefying effect. He carried the motion to his own satisfaction, and my wife told me that I behaved like an idiot.

We stood three days of this lunatic *ménage*. Every evening on returning from office I found more alien belongings blocking up my home. Mortimer boots strewed the scullery, their coats smothered the hat-stand, their toothbrushes filled the bathroom. Clara is a noble-hearted girl, but there was menace in her glance, and my wife was ageing before my eyes. Kate too had left us.

On the third evening when I came home I found a note sticking in the hall clothes-brush. "Meet me in the pantry," it said. I flew to the rendezvous, where Jane received me with her finger on her lip. Dragging me in, she managed with difficulty to close the door—our pantry is what you might call *bijou*—and, leaning against the sink, she unburdened her mind.

"I have an idea," she hissed. "Overcome by superior numbers, *we must* evacuate the position. Better one Zeppelin once than six Mortimers for ever. Let us take possession of their flat, as they have of ours."

It was a masterly and superb idea, worthy of the brain from which it sprang. We hastened to impart it to Punch.

the Mortimers, who were sitting over the drawing-room fire reading my evening paper. They were much touched. Mortimer said he should never forgive himself if we were killed by bombs, and Mrs. Mortimer said it made all the difference our not having children.

We have now been settled for some time in Mortimer's flat, and in many ways prefer it to our own; in fact we shall be quite content to remain here as long as Mortimer continues to pay the rent. We found Kate already installed. The sagacious animal evidently adds prophetic instinct to her other gifts. When she makes a decided move downstairs we shall prepare for hostile aircraft.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Professor Joseph French Johnson's "Money and Currency" (Ginn & Co.) has won wide approval, both as a text book and for general reading, since its first publication ten years ago; and the publication of a revised edition—the fifth—has afforded the author an opportunity to bring it down to date by an additional chapter analyzing the Federal Reserve Act of December, 1913, and reviewing the probable effects of its operation. The apprehensions which he expresses as to possible inflation and excessive expansion of credit are shared by many conservative observers.

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers is so genial and moderate an essayist that it would be difficult, even for those who differ from the conclusions which he reaches in his "Meditations on Votes for Women" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), to be irritated by them. For, in the truest sense, they are what they

purport to be, meditations, in which both sides of the much-vexed question are taken into account, rather than a passionate plea. And the vein of humor which runs through them will be found diverting even by those who do not find them convincing.

"The Changing Drama," by Archibald Henderson, is a study of contemporary drama in its relation to the drama of the last sixty years. In his preface the author states that he believes the book to be "the first work yet to appear in any language dealing with the contemporary drama, not as a kingdom subdivided between a dozen playwrights, but as a great movement, exhibiting the evolutionary growth of the human spirit and the enlargement of the domain of esthetics." In a series of brilliant chapters Mr. Henderson develops this idea, drawing illustrations from the dramatists of all nations for the past sixty years. He shows how

from the romantic drama, the drama whose heroes and heroines were all people of high degree, came the revolt of the realistic drama which considered "all men equal in the eyes of art," and interpreted the thoughts and feelings of the masses. Although Mr. Henderson refers to a host of dramatists, he uses Ibsen most frequently as the one who first revolted from old dramatic conventions and worked toward simplicity of technique and the interpretation of the minds of ordinary, middle-class people. One of the most interesting chapters is the one entitled "The Play and the Reader," which states that only in the last decade have contemporary plays been widely read, and that a public has grown up whose taste for the drama is fed and developed in this way, greatly to its profit. The drama of the present Mr. Henderson sees as an embodiment of the "social fervor of the epoch," and the drama of the future he foresees as "a synthesis of all the arts." The book is one for careful study and thought. It is valuable not only for the interesting conclusions which it draws, but for the countless new lines of thought, which it suggests. Henry Holt and Company.

Six years have passed since Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy wrote the first chapter of "Diane and Her Friends," now published by Houghton Mifflin Company and illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Graduated from West Point with credit, and finding the country at peace, with little probability of active service at hand, Professor Hardy turned, after still further preparation, first to the teaching of the exact sciences and then to the diplomatic and consular service, serving in Persia, Greece, Roumania, Servia and Switzerland. He has been the fortunate youth and the successful man for forty years; he knows the

world and literature and this novel adds one more to his many pieces of good work. One of Diane's "friends" is a lady of the monarchy, a bit of Parian marble, stainless and exquisite. Another is a police inspector, brave, efficient, apparently prosaic but an imaginative poet in his methods, and a mystery to all the world, his wife excepted. This couple have an adopted daughter, beloved, indulged and petted with results amazing to her foster parents, and all these persons are linked together with mathematical skill and justice. His vein of gentle, polished humor will make him an admirable autobiographer when he chooses to add another to his many fields of effort, but he is young yet as American authors go. More works of art as clever as "Diane and Her Friends" surely still await his touch to call them from the mind in which they slumber.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart violates all the rules for writing a best seller. She never duplicates her last success. She jumps recklessly from a detective story to uproarious farce, from farce to sentiment, and from sentiment to mystery and horror. She fits out each new book with new scenery, her characters, and a new plot. Yet one would be tempted to predict for "The Street of Seven Stars" a certain place among the six best sellers. Not because it is laid in a city well advertised by the war, nor because the plot has an air of novelty, nor because it is full of likable, and even lovable, people, but because it is written with the peculiarly simple, wholesome, undisguised, unsentimental sentiment which is perhaps the most distinctive contribution of America to modern literature. Harmony Wells, young, eager, with a genius for the violin and just money enough to keep her in Vienna a few months longer; Dr. Peter Byrne, not so very much



older but already displaying the traits which go to the making of good uncles and grandfathers 'later in life, generous and self-sacrificing but equally near his last dollar; and Jimmy, the boy in the hospital whom they "adopt" together—kidnap would be a more truthful word—for the few weeks that he still has to live, are the chief figures. Their attempt to "support three people on what would be poverty for one" by maintaining what the rest of the American colony brands as a most irregular household supplies the motive power for the story; and the struggles of Harmony and Peter to keep from marrying each other and spoiling each other's careers hold the interest from page to page. The friends whom Mrs. Rinehart has made with her detective stories will not be disappointed in the plot, and those who are used to laughing with her will find some consolation in the smiles that are subtly wrapped in at least every other paragraph of sentiment. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Home of the Blizzard," by Sir Douglas Mawson (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a thrilling story of one of the most gallant adventures in the field of Antarctic exploration ever recorded. The story is that of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of the years 1911-1914, of which Sir Douglas Mawson was the leader, and which consisted of sixty hardy and courageous men, who were prepared to endure any hardships and to face death cheerfully, in their chosen work of exploring hitherto unexplored regions and enlarging the area of human knowledge. The book is well named "The Home of the Blizzard," for the average wind velocity which the explorers had to face for a whole year was 50 miles an hour; and the "jacket" of the first volume is a reminder of one of the tragedies of the expedition,—

the death from exposure and starvation of Dr. Mertz, one of Sir Douglas Mawson's lieutenants—who is shown in this picture making a perilous ascent of an ice cliff. The aim of the expedition was not the discovery of the South Pole, but to explore the vast and little-known region bordering the Antarctic Circle, to carry on extensive investigations of the ocean and its floor over the broad belt between Australia and the Antarctic Continent, and while this work was in progress, to have detached parties established at several points of advantage, well-equipped and provisioned, to carry on independent investigations and accumulate scientific data. The *Aurora*, the vessel fitted out for the expedition, sailed from Hobart, December 2, 1911, and it was not until February 26, 1914, that the homeward cruise ended there. All that was experienced of cold and hardship in this long period, all that was achieved of discovery and scientific investigation is described in the two volumes of this narrative with a simplicity and straightforwardness, an absence of encumbering and irrelevant material, and a vividness resulting from the impression of recent personal experience which hold the reader's attention from first to last. One of the most thrilling episodes of the expedition was the sledge journey of Sir Douglas Mawson and two companions, from which he only returned,—his two friends, Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz, perishing on the way. For thirty-one days and nights, through a succession of blizzards, Sir Douglas Mawson pursued his way back alone. More than three hundred illustrations from photographs, sixteen color plates, and numerous plans, maps and diagrams illustrate the work. All of the illustrations are good, but the color plates are exquisite.